TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

After this session of the Commons has been completed, together with the adjustment of such matters as are incident to the death of the premier and the disturbance of a dominant party, we must begin all over again. The Canadian people not only expect a new leader but they will insist upon a new deal. The compromises of twenty-four years ago will not do now. There must be a new understanding; there must be new men, new measures. I do not believe it possible for a new ministry to begin where Sir John left off, and successfully go on making petty compromises and personal deals. The necessities of the hour impose upon the coming administration new responsibilities. They cannot be shirked. Canada is willing to give the new leaders a chance, but a new generation has arisen, and amidst the wonders arising from the re-creation of the world we must soon find our national place.

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It is strange what a disturbance the departure of one man has created. All at once old things seem to have begun to pass away. In the next decade we shall, whether we will or not, make history more rapidly. The time was when we let one man do it all; the very absence of this guiding spirit makes it startlingly necessary for each man to answer for himself Joshua's question, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," and this question is now ringing throughout Canada as it never did when the old leaders made our choice for us and it was an easy matter to delegate our duties to one in whom we had entire confidence. Now there is no great trustee of the people, and individual responsibility rests heavily. Had the old condition of things continued longer, we should have been weakened; perhaps it continued so long that we are not even now as strong as we should be, but while the world lasts nations will be found equal to the responsibilities they have to assume, and a Moses will arise to lead the people when an exodus from an improper or impossible state of affairs makes migration necessary.

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Canada as a dominion, Australia as a commonwealth, South Africa as a prosperous and self-governing colony, the British West Indies with an awakened people, are all asking the Mother Land questions which must soon be answered. The trade problems which were once solved by the flag must now be settled by mutual concessions or be opened up by disputes dangerous to the integrity of the Empire. Lord Salisbury may evade at this moment, when an election is pending, the answer he must soon give; he may fear the fanatical free traders too much to try to point out Colonial dangers, but he is well informed and will soon lead where he now hangs back. All the problems are not on the Canadian slate; the solution of Imperial questions must help us out of our quandary, but we must think out all these things for ourselves. What is now needed is not talking but thinking.

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To a great extent Sir John was the policy as well as the leader of the Conservative party. Neither Mr. Abbott, Sir John Thompson nor Sir Charles Tupper can be both; no living man can within ten years, if ever again, fill such a position. It is hard enough to find a leader, with a re adjustment of our affairs and the development of a new policy to meet emergencies, who can outline a new policy or forecast its reception by the people. Those who fear as well as hate the idea of annexation to the United States, have reason to make haste and set their house in order.

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It is said that Mr. W. R. Meredith is unwilling to leave a practice worth $16,000 a year to become a cabinet minister at $7,000 per year. In the first place this country is not sighing for a dollar-a-day man to take the job; and in the second, if Mr. Meredith is not prepared to leave his practice for politics, why is he leader of the Opposition in the Legislature where, if he came into power, he would get but $5,000 per year?

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After nearly twenty months when I could scarcely walk at all owing to sciatica, I find walking a most delightful exercise. I think we do far too little of it, and am convinced that many of the ills that overtake us are caused by lack of exercise. The street cars are so handy and the fare so trifling that when one is late in the morning or tired in the evening, it is easy to find an excuse to ride. The only way to avoid this tendency is to cultivate the idea that walking is a privilege, a pleasure. An easy way to do this is to find pleasant company, and the majority of those who practice walking can be found with the same companions almost every day. To use an old-fashioned expression, one can "visit" while walking about almost better than any other way. So many things suggest themselves as topics of conversation; the sight of odd people, old acquaintances and all that sort of thing, give one plenty to talk about and having plenty to talk about is the essence of passing time away rapidly and pleasantly.

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An odd feature of walking about, and it impresses me, as I explained before, because I have done so little walking until of late, is the way in which conventionalities become noticeable and force one into their narrow rut. If by rare chance I walk down early in the morning I see people who can be found on the street at no other time—the eager men of business and those who are forced to toil for the day's pay. They never go home again until after six at night, and then weariness and worry have replaced eagerness and calculation on the faces of those who are trying to get rich, while the slow walk and the half tired and half contented look of a day's work well done can be seen on the faces of wage-earners. Going down about half-past eight or nine you find professional men, well-to do merchants, head clerks, and those who do not have to open up shop. Between five and six the same stream turns homeward, showing fewer signs of the day's worry than can be noticed in the eyes of almost any other class.

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Between one and two o'clock you mix with the few who go home to luncheon, and this is a well contented party as a rule. Life is not too hurried for them to find time to sit at their own table instead of snatching a bite in a kitchen-scented restaurant. One sees the traps of a few score men with the wife or servant who is driving them back after a meal with the family. This is a pleasant way of living, though I have no doubt it makes housekeeping harder and small establishments must find it much easier to present a proper average in a bill of fare when the lord of the manor selects something for himself at midday in a club or restaurant. Yet I imagine that too many families are run on this easy-going plan; children are permitted to take their lunch to school with them or to race into the dining-room and gobble down their food without regard to table etiquette or the restraint which a father is almost certain to impose at so important a time. The table manners of some children are so execrable that it seems to me they can be caused by nothing but an anxiety to make housekeeping easy. The rush of business and the social duties which crowd both father and mother permit a servant to preside over the table and result in childish habits which are patterned after those of the domestic, who, when away from the eye of authority is apt to show her worst temper, and certainly not her best manners.

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If one is down town late at night, oddly enough you are apt to meet the same people on almost every occasion. They seem to go to the same places, the same percentage go home at a reasonable hour, walk up the same street as they do in the day time, have as a rule the same companions or at least the same class of companions, and altogether provide the same proof of the inexorable adherence to the habits and conventionalities which guide them at other times. None but the night hawks stray about singly or come from unusual directions at unusual hours.

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If we wonder at the power of conventionalities I think one will cease to do so after studying the habits of pedestrians. In street cars and railway coaches we are forced to consort with those who happen to be there and we cannot be judged by our seat mate, but when we have the choice of a place on the street we seldom pick up with or tolerate people who are displeasing to us. There is always some decent pretext for getting away from them, and thus in walking we can be fairly judged by the company we keep. There used to be an old adage, if I remember right:

"Be careful to whom you talk, of whom you talk, how, when and where."

The self-evident truths conveyed in this little distich I think could well be parodied by:

"Be careful with whom you walk, by whom you walk, how, when and where."

If we complain that the world is divided up into cliques and sets, we should remember that we do as much to create this condition and maintain such divided relations as anyone, and that if habit is permitted to express our tastes and desires by associing us with a certain set, the remainder of the world has a right to believe that we have classified ourselves as we desire to be classed.

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Of course when it rains one can find no pleasure in walking, and to escape a heavy shower I jumped into a Yonge street car the other evening. The curtains had not been put down, indeed they seldom are when it rains. There seems to be no watchful eye over the employees of the road and the conductor, rather than get himself wet, leaves the curtains up, and the seats in consequence are little puddles of water. I looked at the place that I intended to sit down on and it seemed dry. After I sat down I changed my opinion and hurriedly transferred myself to the opposite bench. The young lady who was watching the performance turned her face away and laughed. I suppose she could not help it, and one could not get angry at her, she had such a kindly and unaffected expression. By and by the car stopped, and an old lady in a Quaker bonnet climbed into the car with that stiffness and uncertainty of movement characteristic of old age. She stumbled and the young lady caught her about the waist and with strong, gentle arms placed her in the dry spot she had just vacated, taking for herself a very wet place at the end of the seat. When the old lady got out her fare the stiff, mittened fingers dropped the little coin into the folds of her dress, and again the gentle-faced girl came to her rescue, found it for her, put it in the box and whispered some laughing words. The old lady smiled in return and the half-dozen men who were sitting thereabouts looked at one another as much as to say, "That young woman is a credit to her sex." When the young lady got off I ventured to make that remark to my neighbor, and the good old lady of the sweet face and the Quaker bonnet leaned across to me and said, "Yes, indeed, that girl has had a good bringing up." Yes, and I may venture to say she had a good heart as the mainspring of her good manners, for there are many cultured women who always fail to notice the wants of the aged and leave everything for someone else to do.

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The civic management of the street car system is already resulting badly, as we had every right to expect; receipts are going down while expenses are going up, the service meanwhile gradually deteriorating, together with the track and plant. It has taken so little time to demonstrate the unfitness of Ald. Macdougall and his committee that now is a proper time to submit the question to the popular vote. When the appropriation for retaining the Esplanade between Yonge and York streets is being voted upon, let the citizens say whether the city or a company shall be given charge and if we are to have a Sunday service. Ald. Macdougall has had his head swelled by the magnitude of the concerns he is mismanaging; a vote would reduce the size of his hat and prevent the size of the deficit growing in proportion to the vanity of the badly balanced alderman from St. James' ward.

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The investigation of the connection of "Uncle Tom" McGreevy, M. P., with crooked contracts and corruption funds, has already reached a point where it is impossible to believe him guiltless of that "scandalous conduct" which caused the removal of the notorious "Charlie" Rykert from public life. Nothing yet has been shown to establish any direct connection between Sir Hector Langevin and the doctored contracts. In all probability Mr. Perley, the Government engineer, will get the blame, though it is very doubtful if the public, knowing the intimate connection between Mr. McGreevy and Sir Hector Langevin, in whose department this crooked business was done, can be convinced that the Minister of Public Works was not cognizant of the scandalous transactions. The fact, too, that a large amount of the money subscribed by the contractors who benefited by the frauds was spent in constituencies intended to give Sir Hector a "following," cannot be accounted for without more or less tainting the reputation of the Minister of Public Works and rendering him unfit to hold an important portfolio or indeed any public position. The Conservatives may imagine that at such a crisis as the present they cannot afford to throw overboard men who have by years of indefatigable toil made themselves prominent and almost necessary to the party. It is exceedingly unfortunate for the Government and for the country, but there is only one thing to do if this investigation results as it is to be feared it will result, and that is to do right. It would be better to purge the party of convicted wrong-doers and all those against whom even the verdict of "not proven" is rendered, than to swamp itself while endeavoring to carry Jonahs to shore. When deciding such questions the Conservative party in the House of Commons becomes a jury which must know no friendship, and must remember that a political sin does not cease to be alarming and dangerous to the country because the one convicted of it has as an excuse that it was done to help the Government retain power. If such an offence be condoned, the criminality then can be properly urged against the whole party. Of course I am not suggesting anything more than what I should esteem the proper course if indubitable evidence is produced of the guilt of the accused. Nor is it my intention to express the least regret, no matter what the result may be, that rogues having fallen out punishment is likely to overtake those who otherwise would have escaped.

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I suppose these hot days have reminded you that the Children's Fresh Air Excursions ought to have been organized for this year if they have not already been, and you will be glad to know that those who have been looking after the friendless youngsters have not forgotten their blessed task. Last summer SATURDAY NIGHT's readers contributed $74 75 to this fund. I hope they will be still more generous this season. There are many of those who read this page who have reason to be thankful for some unusual blessing, whose individual cheque for the amount already named would not impoverish them. There are those who have feared a great affliction and have been delivered from it, who can show their gratitude to kind Providence in no better way than by sending five hundred—a shipload—of friendless, poverty-stricken, half-fed children to play in the woods by some sandy beach for one glorious day. It only costs ten cents apiece to take them away from their misery and make them forget the slums for twelve beautiful hours, and they each get a mug of milk and a great big round bun to keep their poor little stomachs from digesting themselves. Perhaps I should not mention it, but children and women were more sympathetic last year than men were, as far as I could gather from the little notes that came in with the subscriptions, and the men who were most generous were those who were not esteemed especially pious, but who try to follow out the idea of religion as explained by the apostle, that "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction"—I can hardly say that they fulfill the balance of the injunction to "keep themselves unspotted from the world," but they at least prove that they have not let their hearts get so hard that they can resist the wailing cry of misery. Now, my men friends, who sometimes sneer at the ostentatious charity of people who like to see their name in print or raise their hand as high as their head when they drop a dollar bill on the collection plate, send me some good big cheques or nice crisp ten dollar bills with initials such as I may use in acknowledging the receipt of the amount in these columns, and I sha'n't tell a soul the good thing you have done, and you will feel happy and the good Lord will give you credit and the poor little kids will be happy all one day long. I never knew a man who got poor either in pocket or spirit by generosity of this sort; I never heard a man grumble that he had given ten dollars to preserve children from physical or soul starvation because he had afterwards needed that ten dollars to make another ten. I know very well that I have some readers who do not spend a great deal of money on churches. They can prove to their own souls that they do not stay away because they are too mean to put a bill on the plate, by sending what they can spare to the Children's Fresh Air Fund. As the famous preacher said, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." If you are satisfied with the security, down with the "dust." Every amount received will be forwarded at once to J. J. Kelso, secretary of the fund, and acknowledged in the next issue of SATURDAY NIGHT. Here is the first of the season, and a repetition of last year's subscription by the same staff of employees:

Canada Permanent Savings and Loan Society.$12 50

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For some time I have heard it rumored that the Toronto Ministerial Association has been on the verge of tackling secret societies, and one Presbyterian clergyman particularly has been mentioned as anxious to begin a crusade against Free Masonry. It has also been said that the popularity of the society which is obnoxious to our reverend friend has alone withheld the hands of those who feel it to be an irreligious and dangerous organization. In view of this antagonism I read with much interest the report of last Monday's regular meeting of the Baptist ministers of Boston. It appears that Rev. J. B. Stoddard, at the suggestion of his *confreres*, spoke of the influence of secret societies upon the church, and strongly denounced Masonry, even going so far as to declare that "When a man swears allegiance to that code he swears allegiance antagonistic to God." Rev. Mr. Cleveland arose to a point of order and, according to the despatch, said with suppressed emotion: "I am a Mason, and I have listened to

W. R. Meredith, M.P.P., Ontario's Choice for Conservative Leader at Ottawa.

this scathing stigmatization of the order in patience, but I cannot longer listen to such unjust and uncalled-for abuse." The meeting refused to sustain the point of order by fifty to seven, whereupon Mr. Cleveland rose and said: "I request that you drop my name from the roll of membership of this conference. I do not care to be a member of any body that refuses to sustain a decent point of order." I presume that the Boston Baptist convention feel that they can get along very nicely without the Rev. Mr. Cleveland. In this they are no doubt correct. No other salary will cease because one man asked to have his name struck from the roll. Powerful sermons will no doubt be preached showing that the reverend seceder chose Masonry rather than Christianity, and the moral to be deduced will be that those who enter an order of that sort separate themselves from good things. All of this will be very timely, and the reverend gentlemen will no doubt feel like congratulating themselves on the result of their attack upon Free Masonry.

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On the other hand, the sentences I have quoted have been telegraphed all over the United States and Canada, where hundreds of thousands of Free Masons and their families will read with astonishment that the Boston convention considers the order godless and unchristian. Every member of the order will know this to be untrue and will be indignant at those who have cast such an imputation upon a society which has done a vast amount of good. It is in a general sense that the Baptist convention and every other religious body injures itself when attacking something that the reverend gentlemen do not understand. Cruel and unjustifiable words may find applause in an audience composed of men who think that the church is the only means of disseminating right views and of keeping alive the spirit of charity and brotherly love. I am surprised at the Baptist brethren making such a mistake. Ordinarily the Baptist church minds its own business, and this has been often given as the reason why it has made such enormous strides of late years in Canada and the United States. In Toronto, I feel convinced that if an attempt were made in the Ministerial Association to denounce Masonry that one, at least, of our worthiest and most prominent Baptist clergymen would enter his protest, and the whole religious body cannot too soon repudiate the action of their Boston brethren.

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Secret societies, particularly those having charitable and benevolent aims, have done a vast deal of good. In Free Masonry helpfulness is not considered charity if money is given to assist an afflicted brother it is given to him as his right and in a spirit which the churches might well emulate. In many of the societies where certain sums are paid to the widow or heirs of a deceased brother, it saves them from poverty and the temptations and sufferings which follow the death of a bread winner and the cry of the wolf at the door. The obligations taken by a man who enters all the secret societies of which I have any knowledge are noble and uplifting, and if they were lived up to more strictly than they are the world would be better. It has been the habit of the Roman Catholic church especially to denounce Free Masonry, that body being accused of having fostered a spirit of religious and civil liberty antagonistic to church rule. Surely the Protestant denominations are not going to follow suit and demand that no bond shall exist between man and man that they do not create or unite, or that there be no charities and evidences of brotherly love into which they cannot insert a disturbing finger. Altogether, such attacks as the one made by the Rev. Mr. Stoddard are injurious to religion rather than to the societies denounced, and must lead those who know the facts to mistrust the men who without reliable information and certainly without being cognizant of evil consequences, would have us believe that when a Free Mason takes upon himself a solemn obligation he becomes antagonistic to God and godly things.

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L'Electeur and a number of other French papers continue to harp upon the ostracism which they claim has been put upon Catholics by the selection of Hon. Mr. Abbott instead of Sir Hector Langevin or Sir John Thompson as premier. With six Catholic members of the Cabinet the church has little to complain of. That under such circumstances complaint is made, simply proves that no matter how much they get they will demand still more. The speeches in the House suggest that in the Dominion, as in Ontario, the Liberal party intends to pose as the Catholic party. Mr. Laurier is a tolerant man of whose religion and nationality there should be no fear, but if his followers make any attempt to utilize his creed and nationality as a reason why the French-Canadians should support him, if they continue to urge that Sir John Thompson, who was offered the premiership and refused it, did so because his religion was unacceptable, we shall have forced upon us the unpleasant duty of accepting the situation. The speeches of the fiery young French and Irish members of the Liberal party are becoming intolerable. The attitude of the French and Catholic press and the sneers of the Liberals are calculated to make Sir John Thompson a political impossibility as premier. There was no Conservative in this province, or any other province, who was unprepared to follow Sir John Thompson, for they believe him to be a clean and honest man. The whole effort of the Opposition has been to try to kill him off. Acting upon Mr. Mercier's advice, the Liberal party is endeavoring to make the French-Canadians believe that all Conservatives are *Orangeists*. If by any means they can force the dominant party into that attitude, an attitude which may become necessary in self-defence, they will shriek bigot, fanatic at Conservatives the Dominion over. For a little time such a policy, unpatriotic and dangerous, may be successful. The time may come when it will react, when a Protestant party may be formed; when, driven into the last ditch by the bold assumption that we are heretics and fanatics, the patience and liberality which have characterized the English speaking citizens of Canada will fail. We may at least be sure that it is a dangerous experiment that is now being tried.

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With regard to Sir John Thompson, I do not share the dislike so many people have for what is called a "pervert." In the eyes of Protestants a pervert is a man who forsakes Protestantism for Roman Catholicism. In the eyes of a Catholic, a pervert is a man who leaves the historical Church for Protestantism. A man who does either for personal profit is a hypocrite of the first water, yet I venture to assert that instances are rare when a man crosses the boundary of such widely separated religions with an idea of advancing himself politically. So many clever men have left Protestantism and joined the Catholic church to their great personal disadvantage, in many cases wrecking all their social and political ambitions, that I am quite ready to admit a sense of duty as the basis of such a change. When a Catholic forsakes his hereditary religion he is eagerly welcomed by Protestants, yet in recent years but few men of prominence have moved in this direction. Of course the Roman Catholics are delighted to receive accessions from our ranks, and they have had many.

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I am surprised at the bitterness with which our Methodist brethren have criticized Sir John Thompson. Sinners might be expected to vent their spleen upon a man who was born amongst them and left them, but Christians should be more charitable. I know several men who, if they had to choose between Methodism and Roman Catholicism, would not hesitate a moment to become Roman Catholics. This may sound exceedingly strange to Methodists, yet the fact that the people of the world are not all Methodists should convince our friends of that church that there is at least some argument for other churches.

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As premier Sir John Thompson could not favor the Catholics half as much as a Protestant premier must. He would be continually under the surveillance of other denominations. He could explain to his constituents and co-religionists that privileges they demanded would cause his political ruin, while a Protestant premier in yielding to the same demands would be forced to admit to his co religionists that what had been done was a necessary compromise. The chief thing we want is clean men. Either with or without Mr. Abbott as premier, Sir John Thompson and Mr. Meredith could hold the balance of power between the two great and conflicting religious bodies better than any other men in Canada. The Conservative party could then hold French Canada with a clean English speaking Roman Catholic; Ontario would willingly follow and believe in Mr. Meredith. This having been accomplished, questions of public policy would not be continually mixed with theological and racial criticisms. We know that French Canada is not going to change, that their prejudices will not abate nor their demands become less impudent. They must consequently permit us to concentrate our forces and have a conscientious leader of the Protestant phalanx. Having admitted this much and each side having protected what it conceives to be its best interests, we may possibly live in peace. As far as Ontario is concerned this much must be done to preserve the integrity of the Conservative party.

DON.

Social and Personal.

The marriage of Mr. Moberly, editor of the *Week*, and Miss Hooper, took place in St. Simon's church on Wednesday morning at nine o'clock. The bride looked extremely well in her neat gray traveling suit. She was attended by her cousin, Miss Hooper. After the honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. Moberly will take up house on Huntley street. A pretty episode of the wedding was the presentation to Mrs. Moberly of a lovely basket of roses, as she came to her carriage, by her co-workers of St. Simon's church decoration committee, and the strewing of flowers in her pathway by some of the small ladies and gentlemen of Rosedale.

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Rev. Charles Brine of Hamilton was in Toronto to perform the marriage ceremony of his brother-in-law elect, Mr. T. E. Moberly.

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Mr. and Mrs. Sewell of Rose avenue will summer in Oakville.

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M. George Coutellier, whose characteristic little sketch is among the literary contributions to this week's number of SATURDAY NIGHT, is now engaged upon a series of articles on America, from the point of view of a visiting Frenchman, to be published in book form. A rich treat is in store for his readers when the translation of these articles appears.

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Signor Delasco delighted me with his fine singing on Friday of last week. Miss Janes, who made her *debut* as a pianiste in Toronto after years of continental training, was charming in appearance, performance and manner, and Toronto gains another ornament to her society on the return of this sweet-faced lady.

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Hon. Joseph A. Locke of Portland, Me., has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Earls of Spadina avenue. He and his son, Master John Locke, left for home on Wednesday by steamer via the St. Lawrence, Montreal and White Mountains.

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Mr. and Mrs. Earls and family and Mrs. Brennen of Spadina avenue left on Friday to spend the summer at Earlscourt, Lorne Park.

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Miss Scott, Mr. H. S. and Miss Buck of Jameson avenue, Parkdale, returned on Saturday via New York. They spent the winter in Nice, and visited Rome and the many interveningplaces of beauty and interest, returning by way of Venice and the lakes and mountains of Switzerland.

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A garden party, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society of the North Toronto Presbyterian church, will be held in the beautiful Glen Grove Park this afternoon.

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Miss Nellie Johnston, of E. & H. Johnston, King street, sailed for Europe last week.

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Mrs. J. Fraser Bryce has returned from a visit to Manhattan Beach and Brooklyn and has taken up residence for the summer at Mrs. Mead's, on the Island.

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Mrs. John Worthington and her daughter, Mrs. Elwood and family, who have passed the winter months at the Rossin House, have taken Mr. Cockburn's cottage at Birch Point, Lake Rosseau, where they intend to spend the summer. Mrs. Keighley and family leave at the end of June to join them for July and August.

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A pleasant time was spent Tuesday evening in the grounds of Christopher Robinson, Q.C., the occasion being a garden party and band concert, given by the ladies of St. Margaret's church, Spadina avenue. The grounds were beautifully ornamented and illuminated with Chinese and other lanterns, flags and bunting, and reflected great credit on those forming the decoration committee and especially on Mrs. Harvard, Mrs. Moore, Miss Macgregor and Miss Battis and Mr. Code. The different tables were neatly arranged, the flower table being under the care of the Misses Macgregor, Battis and Hunter; the ice cream table that of Mrs. Harvard and Mrs. Glass; the strawberry table, Mrs. Granger and Mrs. Roberts; the candy table, Mrs. Jackes; the orange tree, Miss Carlyle and Miss G. Battis, while Miss Hall and Miss Riches supplied the thirsty with lemonade. Heintzman's band and Mr. H. L. Clarke contributed largely to the success of the evening, the latter playing several solos. The concert was one of the many favorite events of the season. Financially the church is to be congratulated on the evening.

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Miss Menelley, daughter of Mr. W. J. Menelley, Marine Department, Ottawa, left by Cunard steamship Aurania on Saturday with a party of young ladies with whom she is making her annual trip through the British Isles and the continent of Europe.

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A very pretty wedding occurred at Rathseamery, Bowmanville, at midday on Wednesday, when Mr. B. Barton Cronyn of Toronto, son of Mr. V. Cronyn, Q.C., of London, Ont., and Miss Margaret McLaughlin, eldest daughter of Dr. J. W. McLaughlin, ex M.P.P. for West Durham, were joined in the bonds of matrimony in the presence of a large number of relatives and intimate friends from Toronto, London and elsewhere. The bride's gown was of white Bengaline silk with the customary veil and orange blossoms. The bridesmaids were Miss Marion McLaughlin, sister of the bride, Miss Ethel White and Miss Viva Kerr of Toronto, and Miss Maggie Allen of Bowmanville, and they were uniformly attired in white liberty silk. The bride carried a beautiful bouquet of Marguerites. The groom was attended by Mr. Frank Shanly of Toronto and Master Hyle Betts also of Toronto. Rev. R. D. Fraser, M.A., pastor of St. Paul's Presbyterian church, was the officiating minister. After the congratulations and all had partaken of the *recherche* wedding breakfast, the bridal party and guests were photographed on the lawn by a local artist. At 3 o'clock the happy young pair and a large number of guests left by special car for Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Cronyn have gone to the seaside, where they will spend a few weeks, after which they will take up their residence in Toronto.

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The unexpected death last week of Major James R. Foster, which caused such genuine regret and sorrow among a large circle of relatives and friends, was superinduced by an attack of *la grippe* from which it was supposed he had almost entirely recovered. Deceased was widely known as one of the most enthusiastic of the young military men of the city, and one of the hardest working and most popular officers the Q. O. R. ever had. He was a graduate of the military school and thoroughly versed in all military matters and details, and such was his fondness for the service that he would have adopted it as a profession were it not that he allowed himself to be over-ruled by the wishes of his family. Generous and wholesouled, time and money were lavishly spent to promote any scheme of interest to that corps, and no sacrifice was considered too great to make for the regiment whose welfare he had so much at heart, and there are many to testify to that ever open-hearted liberality which often prompted him to pay, for perhaps weeks at a time, the expenses of a member of his company sick or unfortunate, and his retirement was only very reluctantly decided upon at the death, a year or two ago, of his father, the late Mr. James Foster, for thirty-four years one of Toronto's most highly esteemed citizens, and well remembered as head of the firm of James Foster & Sons, hardware merchants, one of the oldest and most reliable houses in the city and in which, till its dissolution, James R. was a junior partner. He was a member of the Yacht Club, also of most of the other city organizations and a life member of St. John's Masonic Lodge and a member of the National Club. The late W. A. Foster, Q.C., was his eldest brother. He was unmarried, and the funeral, at which there was an unusually large representative attendance, took place from the homestead to the family plot in the Necropolis. The pall bearers were Col. Hamilton, Major Delamere, Capt. and Adjt. Mitton of the Q.O.R., and Messrs. Hugh Blain, R. H. Jones and Thos. Walmsley.

*

The marriage of Miss Bessie F. Beatty, formerly of Detroit, to Mr. Frederick L. Fraser of this city, was solemnized on June 3 at six o'clock at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. J. L. P. Beatty, Chatham. The wedding was a quiet one, only the immediate friends and the relatives of the bride and groom being present. The bride was attended by her charming little niece, Miss Marie Bauble, who was dressed in white, with corresponding flowers. Miss Whiting of Detroit was maid of honor, and Mr. Nelson Gillette was groomsman. Among the relatives present were: Mrs. James Beatty, the Misses Clara and Eva Beatty, Mrs. W. E Bauble, sister of the bride, the Misses Fraser, sisters of the groom, Mr. Stuart Fraser, a brother, Mrs. Wilmot and Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Williamson. The bride wore a gown of white faille Francaise, white tulle veil and carried lilies of the valley. Miss Whiting wore a picturesque gown of lavender and white, with white and pink flowers. Among those present from Detroit were: Mrs. Cyrus Lothrop, Mrs. Croul, Miss Mandel, Miss Field, Miss Trowbridge, Messrs. H. Muir, F. Whiting, S. Fraser and Mr. and Mrs. W. E Bauble. The ceremony was performed by Rev. F. Murphy of Holy Trinity church. After the wedding breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Fraser left on an evening train for an eastern trip. The bride is the daughter of Mr. James Beatty, formerly a widely known and much respected merchant of Detroit, who died some few years ago. The groom is a popular young business man in Detroit.

*

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Wilkinson and family of Grange Avenue have gone to their summer resort, Port Carling, Muskoka.

*

Guests registered at the Penetanguishene: Mr. and Mrs. G. V. J. Greenhill of Galt, Mr. J. Sawren McMurray of Toronto, Master Douglas McMurray of Toronto, Master J. S. McMurray, jr. of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Lockey and family of Rochester, N. Y., Mr. A.W. Ambrose of Hamilton, Mr. A. W. Spring of Ann Arbor, Mich., Sir Roderick Cameron of New York, Mr. Wallace Jones of Toronto, Mr. A. H. Bromley-Davenport of Toronto, Mr. Alex. Ford of Toronto, Professor and Mrs. Olds of Rochester, N. Y.

*

Among the passengers per Parisian which leaves Quebec this week are: Sir Daniel Wilson, daughter and niece, Mr. and Mrs. John Leys and Mrs. Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. J. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Somerville and family, Mr. and Mrs. Brodie and family, Mr. Alex. Nairn, Mr. Tomlinson, Miss Evans, Miss Nanton, Miss Kingsmill, Mr. Trees and two children, Mr. John Harvie, Mr. Mortimer Clark and family, Rev. and Mrs. Scott Howard, Mr. McKenzie, Mr. Beaumond, Mr. and Mrs. George Kerr.

*

The itinerant system of the Methodist church, though calculated to distribute the ability and power of the ministry more equally over the country, yet has its painful side in the severance of pleasant associations just when they seem to be accomplishing together the greatest amount of good. Often the wife of the minister—as an Irishman near me suggests—is his "right hand man." The removal of Rev. Dr. Hunter and his wife from Carlton street church to St. James', Montreal, is a case in point. Mrs. Hunter was foremost amongst the women of the church in every good thing. She could sing in the choir if it needed strengthening, lead in prayer—though a timid woman, if other timid women were afraid to—or mend the ragged breeches of a motherless urchin. Carlton street church never had a more faithful service from their pastor's wife. The women of the church felt this, and on Wednesday last met in the church parlor and presented Mrs. Hunter with an address, a basket of flowers and a well filled purse. They dispelled the gloom of the occasion by joining together in a pleasant afternoon tea with a "dish of ripe strawberries smothered in cream."

*

Mr. M. L. Hodder, son of the late Dr. Hodder and son-in-law of Dr. Ross of Simcoe street, has left Ingersoll, where he has been one of the officers of the Merchants' Bank for eleven years. Last week a few of Mr. Hodder's most intimate friends assembled together and presented him with a magnificent Crown Derby dinner set of one hundred and twenty-five pieces, a beautiful piano lamp and a silver *entree* dish. Mr. Stephen Noxon on behalf of the assembly read an address, to which the recipient made a feeling and appropriate reply. Mr. Hodder goes on promotion to Walkerton, where he carries the best wishes of a large circle of friends.

*

The Island Amateur Aquatic Association give an At Home at the new club house, Center Island, next Saturday. There will be sweet sounds, toothsome viands and good company and, to quote one of the members, "You will see how Islanders can make life on a sand bar somewhat bearable."

*

The Rev. J. Scott Howard, rector of St. Matthew's Church and Miss Emma Louise Russell, daughter of Mr. John Russell of Sherbourne street, were married by Rev. J. McLean Ballard of St. Anne's, on Tuesday morning. Rev. J. W. Channer of Adrian, Michigan, assisted in the ceremony. The bride wore a gown of white silk and Brussels lace. She was attended by her five sisters, the Misses Annie, Mary, Gertie, Nellie and Alice Russell. The best man was Rev. Allan Blackler, curate of St. Matthew's. Mr. and Mrs. Howard left on a three months' tour through Europe.

*

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Scott sailed on the Parisian last Thursday.

*

The following have reserved rooms for the season at the Iroquois Hotel: R. Y. Hebden and family of Montreal, F. Q Avery and family of Ottawa, Francis May and family of Montreal, Mrs. Gault of Troy, W. E. Price and family of Montreal, Mrs. and Miss Anderson of New York, R. Y. Smith and family of Syra-

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

JACKSON'S POINT
LAKE SIMCOE

This favorite resort is being made more attractive than ever. The hotel has been refitted, the grounds have been laid out anew, six new cottages are ready to be let, lots can be had for a trifle, a planing mill is on the ground, and material for building can be had for half of city prices.

Steamer Kendrick connects with Barrie, Orillia, Bradford and Beaverton. Direct rail connection via Midland Railway to Jackson's Point twice daily. Summer tickets for fifty miles at commuted rates.

Apply for terms, etc., W. S. RAMSAY, Sutton West.

HOT WEATHER DISHES

is a book designed to help housekeepers keep cool in hot weather. You need not fret or worry about the table. Everything is all planned out for you. Here is an attractive array of pleasant, delightful, wholesome things, ready for serving up. Of course you must do the cooking. But that's a small item when the book tells how. Follow directions and you'll come out all right. Seventy-five cents in cloth. Send money to us and we will pay the postage.

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BEHR BROS. PIANOS of New York,
STECK PIANOS of New York,
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We have in stock a fine assortment of the best Uprights of these celebrated makers. Also a fine stock of the now famous New Scale Dominion Pianos.

Intending buyers, both in Toronto and outside points, will do well to call on or write us for prices and catalogues before deciding on any other make of pianos.

DOMINION PIANO AND ORGAN CO.

Warerooms: 68 King St. West.

Oh, ye bilious people!
Why are you bilious?

Black Pills for bilious people will effectually cure you

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Between You and Me.

"BYE-BYE, be good to yourself!" cried my hearty-voiced friend as he waved me a farewell from the car platform. But his words haunt me, till I must think them out on paper. Are we good to ourselves, dear readers? I don't think some of us are. Let us look at a few examples we all recognize of people who are not good to themselves. There is the woman who wears tight shoes and crushes her tender feet into untold agonies that she may appear unto men to be delicately fashioned and daintily made. Isn't she mean to herself, inflicting untold torture on her poor pedal extremities, for no good or sensible reason? And there is the woman who immoderately eats pastries and ice creams and drinks green tea; isn't she unkind to herself, insulting and torturing her unfortunate stomach until it revenges itself by striking altogether! And the woman who frets, is she good to herself? The ugly wrinkles between her eyebrows, the downward curve of her discontented mouth that used once to smile so prettily; the sharp tone of her voice that once rang out in happy cadence; all these repulsive features she has put upon herself, are they the special gifts of goodness, as we understand it?

•

But the men, I know, aren't good to themselves sometimes, either. One works and slaves, and worries and grumbles that his income may rise far into the four figures. Isn't he hard on himself? One puffs at a stinking nicotine-soaked pipe until his near approach makes the delicate senses of his neighbors shudder, while his own sense of smell and taste and eyesight slowly dull and dim. Is he good to himself? Or a third, poisoning his system and setting his blood afire with alcohol, blunting his finer sense of right and wrong, warping his judgment, stealing his wits—isn't he a cruel wretch to himself? You and I know the only answer! You and I know that the most hopeless thing we can say of a man is that he is his own worst enemy. How sad and strange that sounds. Ah!—men and women—consider a little: let the overwork and the overindulgence stop, and for the sake of your own life on earth and to better appreciate your hoped-for life in Heaven, rest, control, deny, and so in the true sense be good to yourselves.

•

I was at a funny little tea party last week. The tea was made on a tiny coal oil stove, and the strawberry shortcake was unearthed from a great market basket. The furniture of the boudoir in which we had our tea was of varied sizes and shapes, from the comfortable editorial chair of the sanctum to a groggy old grimy creature with black horsehair cushion and rope tying its legs together, which on account of its creaking and groaning is known to its intimates as the "old maid." The tea was supposed to be a female tea, moreover an editress tea, but a few of the bold representatives of the stern sex managed to creep in. "Aunt Pollywog" reposed in a delightful deck chair, "Madge Merton" perched her small self on a kindergarten seat of becoming proportions, "Faith Fenton" took gentle possession of the sofa, "Mrs. Macstinger" monopolized that squeaky horsehair creature aforementioned, "Kit's" regrets were silently eloquent on the editorial desk, "Touchstone" perched on the sofa's arm, and "Metronome" pervaded the atmosphere generally and ate up the last of the shortcake. I made the tea and though I vow to you it tasted to me like linseed, still on the testimony of the nymphs of the pen I must state that it was first rate. Next time it will be better.

•

"Just tell me the truth!" said a serious-faced mother, to a little flushed, stammering prevaricating sinner who stood self convicted before her. And the youngster's face cleared as if by magic and he said in a relieved tone "Jack and me was wrestling an' we falled on it an' it broked." And I wondered at the trouble folks take sometimes to explain and excuse the unexplainable and the inexcusable, and I know it would be just such a relief to them if they would simply state the truth and leave it.

•

"It's hard to tell what is the truth," says my pet friend, as he reads that last item over my shoulder. And I am startled both at his advent and his remark, but I wait meekly while he sits on my sofa and leans back with his eyes shut, and proceeds as follows: "Just start out some morning determined that nothing but strictest fact shall pass your lips, not one exaggeration, not one flattering syllable, not one polite assurance. Every time you make an insincere remark or conceal a sentiment by some word—play or state an embroidered fact or make an exaggerated estimate, put a mark down against yourself." He paused. And I, knowing the day and its duties, valuing my life and my happiness, considering the feelings of others, looked at my friend seriously and shook my head. The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, would soon make my haunts too hot to hold me!

•

I was so sat upon by a superior person this week that I won't recover for a month, I am sure! It was about the Little Wives of India, and this is what she said: "Is it possible that you, a Sunday school teacher, a Christian and a woman, could announce to the public that you never knew anything about the crying abuses we have been so long and earnestly fighting and praying against?" And as soon as I got my breath and remembered how many hours I had sat chatting with this superior person about little matters, I said, "Well, I think it is queer you never told me!" And she said very dignifiedly, "Of course, I supposed you knew." And I can't see yet why she never mentioned the matter, can you?

•

A splendid man has died this month in New York. The obituary notice I read in *Harper's Weekly* recalled such pleasant memories of his wisdom, his cheerfulness, his goodness, his bright smile and sweet hearty laugh. He loved art and music and people so much, he was a physician and he knew almost as well how to minister to a mind diseased as to a suffering body—especially a female body. The *Harper's* says: "In his specialty Dr. Barker was consulted by physicians from all parts of the country, and patients were sent to him from far and wide. But as a family physician his position was unique. His disposition was most charming, and his cheerful presence brought sunshine into every sick room he entered. When he reached a patient he not only reassured the family, but cheered up the sick person by restoring confidence. If all did not feel that everything was safe while he was in charge, they were confident that the very best would be done that was possible, and they were correspondingly hopeful. His presence—he was a tall and commanding man—and kindly face aided him not a little in his ministrations. He had as his patients very many of the richest and best known families in New York. He attended the late William B. Astor, and also his son, the late John Jacob Astor, and he was General Grant's physician in his last illness."

•

"Oh, she is all very well for a while, but she don't know when to stop," said an impatient male creature to me as we mentioned a mutual friend. It is a fine thing to know when to stop. An introduction, an acquaintance, an unrestricted intercourse, an intimacy, and isn't it about time to stop! before the line that one touches breaks on the brink of the precipice. A name mentioned, a smile, a question, an evasive answer, a surmise, a shake of the hand, an exclamation, but, hold on, it is time to stop. In a minute the time will be past! A contradiction, an angry frown, a remembrance of some bygone dispute, a retort, a biting sarcasm, a cutting judgment, a silent gesture of contempt, a dimmed eye and a wedding ring grown suddenly weighty! Ah! it is full and and serious time to stop! A little debt, a borrowed tenner, an unlucky deal, an extravagant purchase, another borrowing, a little cooking of the monthly statement, a tight place, another borrowing! Great heavens, it's time to stop, and by hard and canny conduct start even once more! And whether it is in love or labor, fun or fancy, joy or sorrow, remember, oh my people, there is a place where you ought to stop.

•

There has just flitted past my window the prettiest little sight. Over the front wheel of a safety bicycle some sort of little seat was slung, and thereon was perched a wee, wee girl in a quaint dark greenaway frock and a wide-brimmed hat wreathed with flowers. She looked like a doll, seen from editorial altitudes, and when her papa rode happily along out west he had quite a crowd of admirers. By the by, a picturesque group of more than half a dozen lady and gentleman cyclists was to be seen on the grass in the Horticultural Gardens at the very *matutinal* hour of six o'clock on Monday morning, and at a becoming distance the three-legged fiend, a Camera.

LADY GAY.

When the Lilacs Were in Bloom.

For Saturday Night.

Ah, me! But the sky wore a brighter blue
When we loved with a love we both deemed true,
And naught in our hearts had room
But faith and hope. 'Twas a golden day
When you gathered the flower from the bending spray,
When the lilacs were in bloom.

I have the flower; but its bloom has faded,
The sky is darkened, the sun is shaded
In the present grave of gloom
Where love lies buried. Our hope is dead,
All joy is over for faith has fled,
The the lilacs are in bloom.

NORA LAUGHER.

Choice Cut Roses

Of every popular variety. Other seasonable flowers also always on hand. We can ship cut flowers to any part of Ontario and Quebec with perfect safety, as we have letters from our numerous patrons in various parts congratulating us for prompt delivery and excellent condition of the flowers upon arrival.

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Perfect substitute for Plaster Jacket.
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NEAR GODERICH, ONT

Will be open for business on June 25. Its special features are pure air, genuine country life and perfect safety for children. The beach is exceptionally fine, and the bathing both healthful and free from danger. A beautiful mineral spring, whose waters contain medicinal properties, is an additional advantage. For particulars and terms address the proprietor, J. J. WRIGHT, Goderich, Ont.

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

RIBBONS may be "finery," but "finery" of this kind our lady friends will have. A class of trade that can't be done with any satisfaction on a small stock. The variety is so great that the stock necessarily runs up large. Of course there're stores that advertise ribbons and the whole lot could be carried away in a small market basket. Our big stocks, and these carry with them prices low enough to suit any one, explain this store's large ribbon trade.

Ribbons No. 9, 3c. yd. Ribbons No. 12, 4c. yd.
Ribbons No. 16, 7½c. yd. Ribbons, fancy, No. 16, 4c.
Sash Ribbons, 5 inch, 5c. Sash Ribbons, 7½-inch, 10c.
Fancy Striped Sash Ribbons, 12½c.
Surah Sash Ribbons, 9-inch, 7½c.
Tartan Sash Ribbons, silk, 25c

You ask what shades and colors. You'll be well up in colors if you can name any color in ribbons we've not got.

Laces go with ribbons, of course. Torchon, Oriental, Russian—a superior lace stock throughout. Black lace flouncings, deep, are in strong demand at this season. Prices run 65, 75, 85, 90c., $1 yd. Fancy silk and tinsel cords are now much used for dress trimmings. Every shade 5, 8, 10c. yd.

Velvet and Satin Ribbons.
Pom-Poms for fancy work.
Embroidery Silks for fancy work.

Trading by mail is as great a business as shopping in person these days. Nice to come to the store when you can, but not necessary to successful shopping.

R. SIMPSON

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Artistic Dressmaking
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are praised by all who have used them. We keep in stock
DURKEE'S AND CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S SALADS
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Telephone your orders to 1850.

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MISS PATON'S rooms are now open and thoroughly equipped with the spring styles and modes. The latest French, English and American fashions. An early visit and inspection invited.
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WATCHES
TO BE SOLD
AT $5 EACH
These watches are fully warranted, have jeweled movements, will keep correct time, and are undoubtedly the best value ever placed before the Canadian public. Sent by express to out of town customers, subject to approval.
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During JUNE to Lorne Park, 10 a.m. and 2 p.m.; to Grimsby Park at 2 p.m., on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
Rates to Lorne Park—25c. adults and 15c. children. To Grimsby Park (good to return same day), 60c. each. To Grimsby Park (good to return during season), 75c. each.
Saturday afternoon excursions to Grimsby Park 50c. Saturday afternoon excursions to Lorne Park 25c. Book tickets—Lorne Park and return, 20 trips, $4; Grimsby Park and return, 10 trips, $4. Sunday schools and societies, special rates on application to Company's Offices, 9 Front Street East.
PETER McINTYRE, 93 York Street.
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FOR THE LAWN

You want a good rubber hose that will last as long or longer than any you know of, and do even work all the time. Too many "play out" after a little use, and you've nothing to do but buy another. There's a remarkable chance here now to get the proper sort.

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You need to take a stout Mackintosh Coat along with you as a safeguard against rainy days. We make them to order from the very best material and in any wanted style, guaranteeing a perfect fit.

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PATRONS OF
Armand's Hair Store
407 Yonge St. 407
Are respectfully informed that said establishment will be transferred on or about 1st July next to
441 Yonge Street
S. E. cor. Carlton Street

The new store will be handsomely fitted up in French style, with all the latest improvements and accommodations. Six separate and private Ladies' Hair-dressing Rooms, with a handsome parlor.
Largest and best assorted stock of Hair Goods. Only first-class goods, ready made or made to order. Largest and handsomest Hair Goods, Hair-dressing and Perfumery Establishment in Canada.
PERFUMERY DEPARTMENT
Specialty in Articles de Toilettes for Ladies and Gentlemen. Gelle, Preres, of Paris, France, Perfumery Depot for Toronto.
By special request of a great number of gentlemen a handsome Gentlemen's Hair-dressing and Shaving Parlor, called "Carlton Toilette Club," will be opened in rear of building, No. 1 Carlton Street. Gentlemen desiring to patronize the above club are requested to get their numbers for the toilet case, in which their proper articles in connection will be kept. Limited number only.
Ladies' entrance, Yonge Street. Gentlemen's entrance, Carlton Street. Opening first week in July next.
TELEPHONE 2498
Business will be carried on as usual at the old stand, 407 Yonge Street, 407, until new store is ready.
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SATURDAY, JUNE 13
Hotel Louise will be open for the reception of guests.
REDUCED RATES FOR JUNE
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The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior sateen. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.
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"My Official Wife," edited by A. C. Gunter, author of "Mr. Barnes of New York." 10c
"Eric Brighteyes," by H. Rider Haggard. Illustrated 10c
"The House of Halliwell," by Mrs. Henry Wood 30c
"A Shilling Quest," by Richard Dowling (The Story of a Mystery) 30c
"Hedda Gabler," by Henrik Ibsen, author of "The Doll's House," etc 50c
"Kith and Kin," by Jessie Fothergill 25c
"The Wind of Destiny," by A. S. Hardy, author of "But Yet a Woman" 50c
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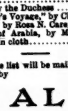

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PROLOGUE.

Side by side with his dignified, handsome wife, Lord Bernard Clanavon, Earl of Alceston, stood receiving his guests in the spacious corridor which led into the brilliantly lit hall-room of his town mansion. It was getting on towards midnight, but the stream of arrivals was scarcely yet lessened, and the broad marble staircase, lined with banks of palms and sweet-smelling exotics, was still thronged with graceful women in marvellous costumes and flashing jewelry, and tall, distinguished-looking men, some in gorgeous uniforms, with crosses and orders glistening upon their breasts, a few in court dress, and fewer still in the ordinary evening garb of civilians. For it was the first function of any social importance of a season which promised to be an exceptionally brilliant one, and nobody who was anybody at all in the charmed circle of London society would have thought of missing it. And so they trooped up the crimson drugget of the stairs in incongruous array, statesmen and peers, learned men and poets, men of the world and men of letters, the former with, the latter in most instances without, a companion; and very few indeed passed on into the ball room without receiving some graceful little speech of welcome from their courteous host or charming hostess.

A politician, a diplomatist, and the head of a noble family, Lord Alceston was a very well known and popular leader of the world in which he lived. It would have been strange indeed had he been other than popular. Look at him as he bends low over the plump little hand of the Duchess of M——, and welcomes her with a little speech which in one sentence contains an epigram and a compliment. His face possesses the rare combination of an essentially patrician type of features and distinct expressiveness. There is nothing cold about his light blue eyes, or his small firm mouth, although the former are clear and piercing as an eagle's, and about the latter there lurks not the slightest trace of that indecision which so often mars faces of that type. The streaks of gray in his coal-black hair seem only to lend him an added dignity, and the slight stoop of his high shoulders is more the stoop of the horseman or the student than the stoop of "gaucherie"—rather graceful than otherwise, for notwithstanding it he still towers head and shoulders over the majority of the guests whom he is welcoming. He looks what he certainly is—an aristocrat, and a man of perfect breeding; the very prototype of an Englishman of high birth. So much for his appearance!—and enough, for he will soon long trouble the pages of this story. Of his wife it is not necessary here to say more than that she looks his wife. She, too, is handsome, dignified and aristocratic, and society admires and reverences Lord Alceston, it adores his wife.

At last the stream grows a little thinner. A great many have arrived in a body from a ducal dinner party, and when these have made their bow and passed on through the curtained archway to where the Guards' band is playing the most delightful of Waldteufel's waltzes, there comes a lull. Her ladyship, closing her fan with a little snap, glances down the great staircase and up at her husband. He stifles the very slightest of yawns and, smiling apologetically, offers her his arm with a courtesy which, but for his charm of manner, might have seemed a trifle elaborate.

"I think that we might venture now," he remarked suavely. "You are a little fatigued, I fear."

She shrugged her white shoulders, flashing with diamonds, and laid her delicate little fingers upon his coat sleeve.

"A mere trifle; whatever does Neillson want here I wonder!"

Lord Alceston paused, and turning round, faced a tall, grave-looking servant, in a suit of sober black, who was advancing slowly towards him, making his way through the throng of liveried footmen who lined the staircase. He carried a small silver salver in his hand, upon which reposed a single note.

"Is that anything important, Neillson?" asked his master, frowning slightly.

"I believe so, my lord," the man answered apologetically, "or I would not have taken the liberty of bringing it now. The bearer declined to wait for an answer."

During the commencement of his servant's speech Lord Alceston's eyes had rested idly upon the superscription of the note which lay before him. Before its conclusion, however, a remarkable change had taken place in his manner. He made no movement, nor did he ask any question. He simply stood quite still as though turned to stone, holding his breath even, gazing steadfastly down at the one line of address on the note. It seemed to have fascinated him; he did not even put out his hand to take it from the silver until Neillson reminded him of it again.

"Will your lordship take the note?" he said in a low tone.

Lord Alceston stretched out his hand and took it after a momentary hesitation, which was very much like an involuntary shiver. Directly his fingers had closed upon it he seemed himself again.

He looked swiftly around to see that no one had observed his passing agitation, and was satisfied. The footmen standing in line were still absorbed, partly in their duties, partly in the contemplation of their calves, and partly in the contemplation of their calves, and had been struggling with a refractory bracelet, which she had only just adjusted. Neillson alone had been in a position to notice anything unusual.

"You did quite right, Neillson. You will excuse me for one moment!" he added, turning to the countess. "This—this—may possibly require my immediate attention."

She bowed her head languidly, and sinking down upon a settee recommenced fanning herself. Lord Alceston moved a little to one side, crushing up the note which he had taken from the salver in his slim, delicate fingers. For a moment he hesitated, and seemed inclined to destroy it unopened. The impulse, however, passed away, and standing back behind some tall palms, which half concealed him from his wife, he tore it nervously open.

Whatever the contents might have been they could have consisted of only a very few words, for he seemed to master them at a glance, and he did not immediately return to his wife's side. He stood there for more than a minute, with his back turned to her and his little knot of servants, and a very strange look in his face. One hand was pressed close to his side as though to ease some pain there, and the fingers of the other were locked around the half sheet of note paper which he had just received, crumpling it up into a scarcely recognizable mass. He had all the appearance of a man who had received a blow which, for the moment, had withered up all his faculties. His features were still impassive, but his face had a cold, numbed look, and all the light had died out of his eyes, leaving them glassy and dim. For a brief while he stood as motionless as a statue; then suddenly he shivered like a man awakening from a hideous nightmare, and moved his hand quickly from his side to his cold, damp forehead.

Lady Alceston, who could only see his back, and that imperfectly, began to wonder what was the matter. She rose and walked slowly over towards him. The sound of her silken skirts trailing over the thick soft carpet seemed to suddenly recall him from his abstracted state. He turned round slowly and faced her.

"It is necessary for me to write an answer to this note," he remarked quietly. "If my absence for a few minutes is observed, you will be able to make some excuse for me. The matter is really an important one."

She raised her eyebrows but was too well bred to evince much surprise or even curiosity.

"From Downing street?" she inquired nonchalantly. "I didn't notice the seal."

"Yes; from Downing street," he answered. "It may take some little time to answer, but you may rely upon my being as expeditious as possible."

She turned away with a slight inclination of the head, and leaving him, entered the ball-room. He moved forward, and gravely held the curtain open for her, taking it from the hand of a servant who was stationed there; then he retraced his steps, and, leaving the anteroom by a private door, passed down a flight of stairs, through another door, and along a passage until he reached the apartment on the ground floor he called his study.

It was a great room, finely proportioned, and handsomely furnished, lined with books from floor to ceiling—a worthy study even for Lord Alceston, scholar, author, and politician. He paced across the thick dark carpet like one in a dream, with fixed gaze and slow movements, and sank into a chair in front of a black ebony writing table covered with paper, and piles of correspondence and blue books. For a moment he sat bolt upright gazing into vacancy, or rather at the thick crimson curtains which hung before the door, then suddenly his head dropped upon his folded arms, and remained buried there for nearly a quarter of an hour. When he lifted his face was pinched and lined, as though with some swift terrible trouble—as though he were passing through some fiery ordeal.

He poured himself out a glass of water from a carafe which stood at his elbow, and drank it slowly. Then he set the empty glass down, and leaning forward in his chair pressed the knob of an electric bell in the wall opposite to him.

Almost immediately there was a soft knock at the door and his servant Neillson appeared.

Lord Alceston looked at him fixedly, as though seeking to discover something in the man's face. If he had hoped to do so, however, he was disappointed, for it remained absolutely impassive. The only expression discernible was one of respectful attention. His master withdrew his searching gaze with a slight movement of impatience, and gave his orders with his eyes fixed upon the table before him.

"Get my ulster from my room, Neillson, and fetch me a hansom—to the mews door, of course."

"Very good, my lord."

Neillson was a perfectly trained servant, but he had not been able to conceal a slight start of surprise. Lord Alceston noticed it and frowned.

"Neillson," he said, "you will remember what I told you when you entered my service?"

The man bowed. "I do, my lord. I was to be surprised at no orders which you might give me and never to repeat them."

Lord Alceston nodded. "Very good! Remember to obey them in the present instance."

"I shall do so, my lord." The door closed, and Lord Alceston was left alone for a minute. He looked carefully around as though to assure himself of the fact, for the reading lamp upon his desk was heavily shaded and was quite insufficient to dispel the gloom which hung about the vast room. Suddenly he rose, and walked with swift, silent footsteps to a furthermost corner, in which stood a black oak chest with old-fashioned brass rings. He paused to listen for a moment—there was no sign of Neillson's return. Then he drew a bunch of keys from his pocket, opened one of the lower drawers, and pushing his hand back to the remote corner felt about for a moment. Apparently he found what he wanted, for suddenly he withdrew his hand, transferred some object to his pocket, and returned to his seat.

Almost immediately Neillson reappeared carrying the ulster under his arm.

"The hansom is at the mews door, my lord," he said, holding up the coat.

Lord Alceston rose and suffered himself to be helped into it.

"Very good. You fetched it yourself, I hope?"

"Certainly, my lord. Is there anything else?"

His master buttoned his coat up to his ears and drawing a slouch cap from the pocket pulled it over his forehead. Then he hesitated for a moment.

"No, there is nothing else at present, Neillson," he answered slowly. "I shall lock this door, and if I am inquired for you can let it be understood that I am engaged upon an important dispatch."

The man bowed and withdrew. Lord Alceston, drawing out his key from his pocket, followed him to the door and carefully locked it on the inside. Then recrossing the room, he drew aside a Japanese screen and unlocked a small green baize door, which closed after him with a spring. He was then in a long dark passage, along which he passed rapidly until he emerged into a quiet by-street at the corner of which a cab was waiting. Without waiting to speak to the man he stepped quickly inside and pulled down the window. The driver opened his trap door and looked down.

"Where to, sir?" he asked.

Lord Alceston waited nearly half a minute before he answered. Then he gave the address with some hesitation, and in so low a tone that he had to repeat it. The man touched his hat, closed the trap door and drove off.

* * *

Two hours had passed since Lord Alceston had left his wife's side, and he was back amongst his guests again. Certainly he was simply adding fuel to the fire of fashion for him, for every one was declaring that he was one of the most charming of hosts. He seemed to be in all places at all times and to be incapable of fatigue. Now he was the life and soul of a little group of gossiping politicians, now amongst a bevy of dowagers, telling a story which was just sufficiently *risque* to awaken their keen interest without making them feel bound to appear unnaturally prudish, and consequently putting them all into a delightful temper. Now he was acting as his own master of ceremonies, and introducing exactly the right people to one another, and now he was walking through the mazes of a square dance with an old-fashioned stately dignity which many of the younger men envied him. Wherever he went he seemed to drive gloom before him and to breathe gaiety into the dullest of the dull. Even his wife watched him admiringly, and wished that he would always exert himself as he was doing then, for there were times, as she well knew, when he was but a nonchalant host. But to-night he was exceptional. He was brilliant, dignified and full of tact. She began to wonder as she paced slowly through the rooms on the arm of a grand duke, who answered with monosyllables but only partial attention, his laboured commonplaces, whether that note from Downing street had brought any good news. Values of her husband as the head of the Cabinet, and entertaining for his party, began to float before her eyes, and she gave herself up to them as to a languid opium eater. A gentle reminder from her companion's manner warned her to abandon dreaming for the present and devote herself to her duties. But she made a mental note to inquire of her husband respecting that note, at her earliest opportunity.

At last the spacious room began to thin. Royalty had come and gone; the perfume of lilies was growing fainter and fainter, and the fairy lights were growing dimmer and dimmer. Faster than before all the plagues of Egypt do London beauties fly before the daylight after a night's dancing, and the guests were departing in shoals before the faint gleams of approaching morning. At last their hour of release had come, and Lord Alceston sought his wife.

"I have a letter to write for the morning post," he remarked. "With your permission I will come to your room for a cup of tea in half an hour."

Lady Alceston, seeing that save for the servants they were alone, indulged in the luxury of a yawn before she answered:

"Do, by all means. I want to have a few minutes' talk. Don't be longer. Everything has gone off well, I think!"

"Thanks to your admirable arrangements, yes, I think so," he answered courteously. And then, with the smile still lingering on his lips he turned away and went to his library.

Apparently he soon forgot his wife's invitation, for the first thing he did was to order a cup of strong tea to be brought to him at once. Neillson laid it down by his side on the table, and was about to depart when his master called him back.

"Neillson, I've lost the key of the baize door somewhere this morning. Send down to Bellson's, the locksmith's, as soon as you think that he will be up, and have another one made."

"Very good, my lord. Shall you require me again?"

Lord Alceston drew out his watch and looked at it. It was four o'clock. He hesitated with it still in his hand.

"If I do not ring for you in half an hour you can go to bed," he decided.

The door closed and Lord Alceston was left alone. For a moment or two he sipped his tea leisurely. Then drawing some paper towards him he commenced to write.

He had covered two sheets of note paper and had commenced the third when he suddenly ceased writing and started violently. Leaning forward, he pressed the knob of the electric bell, and then, half fearfully, he turned slowly round and glanced across the room, where the heavy shaded lamp which stood on his table it was still unilluminated and the greater part of it was enveloped in shadow, for the closely drawn curtains completely shut out the struggling daylight. Lord Alceston drew the shade from his lamp with fingers which trembled a little, and held it high over his head while he looked searchingly around.

There was a soft knock at the door and Neillson entered. Lord Alceston put down the lamp with an unmistakable gesture of relief.

"Neillson," he said quietly. "There is someone in the room."

Neillson looked around and then back at his master incredulously.

"Someone in the room, my lord!" he repeated. "Impossible! I beg your lordship's pardon," he added, confusedly. "I meant——"

"Never mind what you meant, Neillson," interrupted his master. "Look behind that screen."

Neillson approached the screen very gingerly and peered around it.

"There's no one there, my lord," he declared with relief.

Side by side they walked round the apartment, Lord Alceston holding the lamp above his head. They discovered nothing. Obviously, save themselves, there was no one else in the room. Lord Alceston resumed his seat and set the lamp down.

"It's a very strange thing," he said, in a low tone. "I am not a nervous man, and my hearing is remarkably good. I could have sworn that I heard a shuffling footstep. Neillson, fetch my revolver from my room, and see that all the chambers are loaded."

Neillson withdrew, and during his brief absence Lord Alceston sat round in his chair with his eyes restlessly wandering about the interior of the apartment. Presently Neillson reappeared, and silently laid a small shining revolver on the desk by his master's side.

"Anything further, your lordship?"

"No, you can go to bed now. I suppose it must have been fancy. Just see, though, whether the outer door is securely locked."

Neillson crossed the room and tried it.

"It is locked, your lordship," he declared.

"Very good, you can go."

The door closed and Lord Alceston, after one more furtive glance around, slowly finished his tea, drew the revolver close to his side, and recommenced writing. He had hardly finished another page, however, before his pen suddenly stopped upon the paper, and his heart gave a great throb. Again he heard it—a little, but out the possibility of any mistake, and close behind him, that low, stealthy sound. He dropped his pen, and stretched out his shaking fingers for the revolver, but even when he had hard closed upon it he could not turn round. A cold horror seemed to have stolen over him, freezing his blood and numbing his limbs. All his sensations were those of a man in a hideous nightmare; but this was no nightmare.

Again came the stealthy sound of a cat-like tread close to his chair. A hot breath upon his neck, and then, as life flowed suddenly again into his veins, and he strove to cry out, a handkerchief was pressed into his open mouth, and he felt his senses reel before the swift, deadly influence of the chloroform with which it was soaked. Still he struggled for a moment, half turned round in his chair, and caught a glimpse of a pair of burning eyes fixed upon his, and of a mad murderer in them.

"You!" he gasped. "You!"

One arm seized his, and held them from behind. A swift gleam of bluish steel flashed before his eyes, a sudden pain. It was over in a moment.

* * *

There was a brisk sale for the evening papers on the following day. All down the Strand and round Trafalgar square the eager newsboys were shouting out their terrible tidings, and for the lover of sensation there was very good value indeed in exchange for his penny. Placards leaned against the walls, were spread out upon the pavement and were almost thrust into the faces of the hurrying throngs of passers-by, and this is what they announced:

AWFUL MURDER
of the
EARL OF ALCESTON.
and a little lower down:
ANOTHER TERRIBLE MURDER IN THE EAST END!

"An immense sensation was created this morning in all circles by the rumor, which has unhappily proved too true, that the Earl of Alceston had been found at an early hour this morning in his library with his throat cut, and quite dead. On inquiry at Grosvenor square this morning our representative was in possession of such facts as are already known. Briefly they are as follows: It seems that during the hours of a reception held last night, Lord Alceston received a letter, the origin of which is at present a mystery, which compelled him to absent himself for some considerable period from his guests. Later on in the evening, however, he rejoined them, and it was universally remarked that his lordship had never appeared in better health or spirits. Nothing further happened, or has since happened, to connect the receipt of this letter with the crime which we have to report. After the departure of his guests, his lordship went straight to his library, promising to join his wife and take tea with her in half an hour. He never been able to gather of what and frequently occurred is that about nine o'clock this morning, as she had seen nothing of her husband and had no heard him go to his room, Lady Alceston sent her maid to make inquiries. She went in company with a footman at once to the library, and being unable to procure admission, or to obtain any reply, summoned help, with the result that the door was forced open, and the terrible spectacle disclosed of Lord Alceston leaning forward on the writing table, with his clothes and face covered with blood, and his throat cut completely round from side to side.

Although we are not at liberty, for obvious reasons, to state more at present, we understand that further startling disclosures have been made to the police by members of the household, but that at present their is no clue to the murderer.

1.30 p. m.—His late lordship's valet, Philip Neillson, is believed to have absconded, not having been seen or heard of this morning.

2 p. m.—A warrant has been issued for the arrest of the man Neillson, on suspicion of having been concerned in the murder of his master, the Earl of Alceston. The accused has not yet been found.

4 p. m.—It is now ascertained beyond doubt that Neillson has absconded. The police are making every effort to trace him, and are confident of success.

"Poor old Earl was the third son of Lord Rupert Clanavon, Earl of Alceston, from whom he inherited the title and estates, and was the grandson of Dalrias, captain of his father's regiment, in the 2nd Life Guards, and served with distinction through the Crimean campaign. On the death of his two elder brothers, however, his lordship left the army, and taking his seat in the House of Peers, devoted himself to politics. His lordship was created a K. C. B. in 18—, was a member of the Privy Council, and quite recently his name was mentioned as the probable successor to Lord Rosebery in the Cabinet. The deceased peer married in 18—to the Lady Margaret Agnes Montand, only daughter of the Earl of Montand, and leaves an only son, Lord Bernard Clanavon, who succeeds to the title and entailed estates."

Below, cast almost into insignificance by such a sensational crime as the murder of a peer of the realm, was a short paragraph headed:

ANOTHER TRAGEDY IN THE EAST END.
MURDER OF A WOMAN IN A
LODGING-HOUSE.

"Just before going to press information came to hand of another awful murder in Riddell street, Bethnal Green road. On being called according to custom by the proprietress of the lodging-house, a woman who went by the name of Mary Ward was discovered lying across her bed quite dead, and stabbed to the heart by some sharp instrument. The deceased woman was known to have been visited by three men during the early part of the night, the latter of whom left hurriedly, but no struggles or cries of any sort were heard, and no suspicion was entertained of foul play. It is not known whether any of the other lodgers will be able to identify or give any description of either of the men alleged to have visited the deceased. Fatally this, it seems highly probable that this crime will be another addition to the long catalogue of undiscovered murders in this locality. We are not in a position to state definitely whether there is anything to justify the supposition that this most recent crime be the work of the author of the same purpose as others committed in this neighborhood, as the police are maintaining a strict reticence in the matter."

And so for one night at least Londoners had plenty of horrors to gorge themselves upon, and to discuss eagerly in public house and club, and carriage and omnibus, restaurants and street corners. Two murders in one night, and both wrapped in mystery! What food for the sensation monger, what food of conversation for the general public, carmen in their public houses, society at their clubs and social functions. Pleasure seekers flocked to supper at the theatre and restaurants, were ready with their solemn expressions of horror and their more or less absurd theories. A million tongues were busy with this one subject, handying back words and forwards the name of the peer and the name of the woman. Truly there is fame in death!

* * *

In his stately bedchamber, on snowy sheets, pillowed with lace, and strewn with flowers, his fine face white and rigid with the calm of death, lay Bernard, Lord Alceston, Earl of Harrowdean; and on a coarse straw mattress, barely covered over by a ragged, none too clean, coverlet, in a Bethnal Green lodging, lay the woman who had called herself Mary Ward. For him there were mourners, at least in name, and loud in lament—for her there were none. But after all what did it matter? Around him, as around her, the great world of London revolved without change in its mighty cycles of pleasure and misery, pleasure-seeking and fortune spending, and if more voices were lowered at his name than here, more tears dropped over his damask sheets than on her rough coverlet, what matter? Whose was the profit?

CHAPTER I.

LORD CLANAVON'S TRAVELLING COMPANION.

"Pun my word you're a very amusing fellow." The person addressed bowed a little slightly, as though offended by the patronizing tone in which these words were carelessly spoken. But his annoyance, if indeed he felt it, was evidently short-lived, for he answered back readily enough, with a little laugh:

"Glad you think so; very glad. It isn't every day, you see, that a poor fellow like me has the chance of amusing a milord—especially an English one."

"Milord" arched his eyebrows, and not having detected the faint tinge of sarcasm in the other's tone, put this remark down to pure snobbishness. So he withdrew a little further into the corner of his compartment in the first-class railway carriage of which the two men were the only occupants, and remained silent for a few minutes, idly strumming upon the window panes with his fingers.

"How did you know my name?" he asked, abruptly, turning again towards his fellow-passenger.

"I didn't say that I did know it," was the reply. "I heard your servant call you 'my lord' when he addressed you, and I put two and two together, unless my eyes deceive me, which they very seldom do. *Voila tout.*"

"Did you cross from Calais then? I didn't see you."

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"Very likely not—in fact it would have been very strange if I had, considering that I was in my cabin all the while."

"Sea-sick?" inquired "Milord" contemptuously.

"Yes, seasick," was the unhesitating admission of his *vis-a-vis*. "I've never crossed yet without being seasick."

The frankness of the confession was not without its effect upon the person to whom it was made. "Milord," although he was a yachtman and a born sailor, and had all a healthy young Englishman's contempt of effeminacy in any shape or form, smiled indulgently.

"Sorry for you. I was myself once in the Bay of Biscay when I was eleven years old, and I haven't forgotten it. Deuced uncomfortable sensation it was."

The chance meeting between these two men whom chance had thus thrown together on their journey from Dover to Waterloo, was very marked indeed. "Milord" was a typical young British aristocrat, with long straight limbs, smooth, fair face, a little tanned by exposure

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SAYS OF THIS COMPANY, MAY 4, 1899
"We are asked by a correspondent, 'Which Company, for the sale of Ceylon Tea at home, does the largest business?' and we really do not think that anybody can answer this question. In all probability, the Ceylon Tea Growers, Limited (Khangani Brand), sell more Tea than most, seeing that they have no less than 1,000 agents in Great Britain alone, and, in the course of twelve months, must sell a very large quantity of Tea."
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to all sorts of weather; well cut features, about which there hovered a slight vacuity of expression common amongst young men of the higher orders, who have nothing particular to do with themselves, and which was perhaps a little heightened by the single eyeglass which obscured one of his clear blue eyes. He was dressed in a light check travelling suit, colored shirt, with a white silk tie, and had a small bunch of Parma violets in his buttonhole. He wore no gloves, and his hands, though shapely, were hard and brown. A well worn tobacco pouch was open by his side, from which he had recently replenished the deeply colored meerschaum pipe which he was smoking. Taken as a whole, his appearance was distinctly aristocratic, with a dash of the Bohemian. At any rate, no one could possibly have mistaken him for anything else but a gentleman.

His companion was a man of an altogether different stamp. His hair and mustache, once jet black, were plentifully besprinkled with gray, and his small oval face was deeply lined. His features, though not striking, were refined and delicate, and his prominent forehead and deep clear eyes gave him somewhat the air of a student, which, however, his restless, almost flippant manner in a measure contradicted. His manners, indeed, were the least pleasing part of him, alternately nervous and inquisitive, labored and careless. He was ill, almost shabbily dressed, and many little details about his person and *tout ensemble* were obnoxious to his more distinguished fellow-passenger. Still, he had told some funny stories and had made himself very amusing, without attempting to be familiar, and Lord Clanavon, whom two things, railway traveling and his own company, always bored exceedingly, felt faintly grateful to this stranger of doubtful appearance for relieving the monotony of his journey, and decided to tolerate him for the brief remainder of it.

"You didn't come up from Paris, did you?" he inquired carelessly.

"Yes."

"And you were on the boat, too? Seems queer I didn't see you somewhere about."

"I was below most of the time on the boat," the other reminded him.

"Ah, yes! I suppose that was it. I thought I'd noticed every one on board at Calais, too. There was a bit of a crush, though, and I must have missed you. Hallo! isn't that your ticket on the floor?" he added, pointing to it with his foot.

The other stooped forward quickly and picked it up. But Lord Clanavon's eyes were keen, and the ticket had fallen upon its back.

"Why didn't you book through from Paris?" he asked curiously. "That ticket's only from Dover, is it?"

"That's all. The fact is I lost my ticket somewhere and had to re-book from Dover. A nuisance, but it couldn't be helped."

There was a brief silence, during which Lord Clanavon yawned several times, and as his companion had ceased to be amusing, picked up a sporting paper and studied it for a few minutes. Then the train ran into Waterloo and he rose and stretched himself with an air of relief.

His fellow-passenger was the first to alight. Lord Clanavon returned his parting salute with a slightly condescending nod, and then stepped out of the carriage himself, and lighting a cigar looked around for his servant. In a moment or two he came hurrying up.

"Bring out my traps and take them round to Grosvenor square in a cab, Burdett," he ordered. "I shall walk. What the mischief's the matter with you?" he added, in an altered tone, looking hard into the man's face; "you look as though you'd seen a ghost."

"It's—nothing particular, my lord," Burdett answered, plunging into the carriage, and busying himself folding up papers and collecting his master's belongings. "It was rather a rough passage, my lord, and I think it must have upset me a little."

Lord Clanavon, one of the most truthful young men in the world, accepted his servant's explanation at once, though he glanced again with some curiosity into his pale, averted face.

"I should have thought that you would have been used to it by now," he remarked. "There's some brandy in that flask on the seat. Help yourself if you feel bad."

"Thank you, my lord," Burdett answered in a low tone; but instead of doing so he ceased for a moment in his task and watched his young master's retreating figure with tears in his eyes.

"I ought to have told him," he groaned; "but I daren't. Oh! poor Mr. Bernard! Whatever will he do when he knows?"

(To be Continued.)

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select fiction are: Sowing the Wind, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; A Black Business, by Hawley Smart; Violet Vyvian, M. F. H., by May Crommelin and J. Moray Brown; The Rival Princess, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed. All the best books are to be found in the Red Letter Series, for sale by book sellers everywhere.

Literary Notes.

M. George Coutellier has now almost completed two books treating of French, Canadian and American life and customs. Comparison, from a French point of view of course, will be made, though the author asserts that strict impartiality will be observed. He has also under way a series of novels on Canadian themes. Mr. Coutellier has completed this season's course of lectures with a discussion of the literature of the fourteenth century, and next autumn purposes delivering a series on the French writers of the present century, Victor Hugo, DeMusset, Chenier, etc.

Mr. William Wilfred Campbell has been obliged through ill-health to give up the ministry and is now installed in the Department of Railways and Canals at Ottawa.

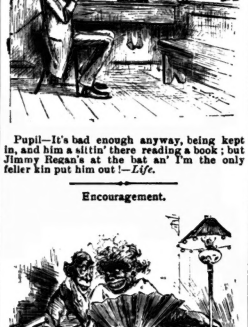
Mr. W. Blackburn Harte will this summer publish an interesting article on the Canadian Elections.

They Managed It.

Among other passengers on the Majestic, there was a grandmother and a granddaughter, their faces wreathed in smiles. The grandaughter was a *debutante* of last winter, a pretty, tall, slim girl, in dun-colored tweeds and a cloth hat to match. She is said to be very bright and attractive, is also heiress to quite a pile of money. Her parents are dead, grandmamma looks after her, and grandmamma is a sharp, shrewd old lady, who knows the world and the ways of men. Early in the winter, grandmamma saw that a young man of irreproachable morals and tone, but small pecuniary attractions, had cast the eyes of love upon her charming charge. This, of course, was what had to be expected, such things will happen, especially when the granddaughter has a little pot of money and a pair of deep-gray eyes. But grandmamma disapproved of the aspirant on the score of his slim bank account, and the more she disapproved, the more the granddaughter approved—while the old lady frowned the young lady smiled, and the smiles attracted more than the frowns repelled.

Grandmamma began to get alarmed. She knew the foolishness of the giddy "debbie" and the persistence of the encouraged suitor. The wisest plan would be to take flight, to leave the suitor behind—absence may make some hearts grow fonder, but its effect upon the "debbie" heart at eighteen is to produce a blank, the tranquillity of forgetfulness. So grandmamma suddenly said she was going to Europe. There was a storm and then peace—remarkable peace, almost amounting to subdued exultation. There were no good-byes. Grandmamma wrote notes all round and said they left specially for a jaunt in Europe. It was all done quietly and without fuss. The granddaughter wrote a few notes, too, and told the name of the steamer in each one.

Then the day of departure came. Grandmamma was secretly triumphant, all the more so when she noticed the expression of quiet acquiescence on her grandchild's face. Never had she known the dear girl so gentle and tractable. Just before the gangway was lifted the old lady went down to her cabin, fussed about there among her rugs, valises and bouquets, emerging on deck as the last bell rang and the huge vessel began to swing out. And there, on the deck before her, in close confab with her charge, was the objectionable suitor! He had quietly booked his passage and stolen on board just before the gangway was lifted. There was only one person who knew of his intention to take a European trip, and she would not be liable to tell. Grandmamma's feelings must be too deep for words, especially as her charge is a splendid sailor, and she herself is prostrated with seasickness from the moment the ship leaves the Navesink Lights till she sights those of Liverpool.



Pupil—It's bad enough anyway, being kept in, and him a sittin' there reading a book; but Jimmy Regan's at the bat an' I'm the only feller kin put him out!—*Life.*

Encouragement.

Mr. Blackstone—I—er—doan' hardly know, Mis' Snowball, how I's a-goin' to begin dis prop — prop — proposal I'se about to make; but——

Mrs. Snowball (sweetly)—Doan' be nervous, Pomp. I'se a widder, yer know.—*Judge.*

Sauce for the Gander.

A DRAMA OF THE DAY.

CHARACTERS—John, a business man, the husband; Susan, his wife.

SCENE—A dining room in a suburban home. The couple have dined. John is smoking and reading the evening paper, and Susan is playing rather nervously with the remains of her dessert.

Susan—John, I want to speak to you.

John—Say on, Macduff.

Susan—Please don't talk like that. This is serious.

John—What! has the cook given warning?

Susan—How like you to think of that!

John—Well, well, what is it?

Susan (solemnly)—It is not an easy matter to tell you, but I must nerve myself.

John—Nerve yourself! What do you mean? Has the rhubarb pie got into your head?

Susan—Do not be violent, John; this is no question of rhubarb pies. (Tragically). We have got far beyond rhubarb pies.

John—Look here, Susan. You appear to have taken leave of your senses. Unless you want to drive me mad, too, drop these tragedy airs and tell me what you mean.

Susan—Will you hear me?

John—Of course I will. Out with it.

Susan—You know I have lately joined a club—the Progressive Circle?

John—I do. Young Ramrod calls it "The Unsexed Prigs."

Susan—He is a scoffer. Well, at that club I have learned many things, among others that I have a right to.

John—In—deed!

Susan—Yes; we have been instructed by Hakon Waffle, the chief poet of the movement——

John (aside)—And the chief prig.

Susan—That woman must assert herself, and when not conventially mated may seek a different environment.

John (beginning to see it)—Just so.

Susan—Well, some of us have decided to act upon that.

John (notes the "us," but keeps calm)—In what way?

Susan—Well, those who are not appreciated at home—who do not find things, as it were, on their intellectual level—have resolved to seek more congenial surroundings.

John—May I ask the names?

Susan—Well, Ethel Maynard told her husband that she was somewhat weary of home life and pined for freedom. That was yesterday.

John—And what did Maynard say?

Susan—I am ashamed to say he was very rude. He told her she might go and be——I can't repeat it; and did not come back from town last night, so she is very much upset.

John (aside)—Bravo, Maynard! (Aloud) Any one else?

Susan—Mrs. Johnson's husband was much affected, and she doesn't quite know what to do. The fact is, they want a leader.

John (polite but raging)—And are they likely to find one?

Susan (hesitating)—Well, the fact is they rather look to me.

John (who has seen this coming and has now made up his mind how he will take it)—Yes?

Susan—I thought you would be astonished.

John—I beg your pardon. I'm not.

Susan (making a plunge)—You must have seen that for some time you were not all I required intellectually, and many of your habits have begun to pall upon me. As Mr. Waffle says, I want more appreciation (the Recording Angel pants in vain after John's *sotto voce* remarks on Waffle) and a freer atmosphere in which to luxuriate.

John (calmness itself, much to her disgust)—What habits, Susan? I may still call you Susan, I suppose.

Susan—Oh, trifles. But they upset me; your conversation lacks profundity, you have objectionable aunts, and you will persist in playing the bassoon.

John—Dear me! And what do you propose to do?

Susan—We think of settling somewhere—probably within an easy distance of Paris, where intellectual emotion finds its highest expression. I have my own money, and I need hardly remain so great a newspaper reader of the recent decision in regard to the rights of married women.

John—You need not, indeed. And when do you propose to go?

Susan (staggered by his coolness)—Oh, in a day or two.

John—Very well; suit your own convenience.

Susan—But—but you don't seem surprised; you take it very coolly; I can't understand you.

John—I can return the compliment.

Susan—But you raise no objection.

John—None at all.

Susan—Is this all you have to say?

John—All.

Susan—What are you going to do?

John—Have you any right to ask?

Susan—No, perhaps not; but still——

John (who has been keeping this trump-card up his sleeve)—But still I will tell you. There is one advanced lady in the neighborhood who does not, I believe, belong to your society.

Susan (sniffing)—You mean Honoria Weston. I should think not, indeed.

John—But she does hold advanced views, does she not—believes in what I fancy is called free love?

Susan (snorting)—So I hear. You ought to know; she always makes a fuss over you.

John—You flatter me; but let us hope you are right, as it will make my task easier.

Susan (alarmed)—What are you going to do?

John—To take a leaf out of your book. When you go I shall ask Honoria Weston—she is a pleasing person—to come here (slowly); and I dare say it will not require much persuasion to induce her to take your place.

Susan (who has listened with heaving chest and dilating eyes)—John! Honoria Weston here! My place! Do you mean to insult me? Oh, this is too much!

John—You are right. It is too much. Look here, Susan, I may not be intellectual, but I am not such a confounded fool as to stand all this nonsense. Go away with your Ethel Maynards and your Waffles; within twenty-four hours afterward Honoria Weston is installed here; and if she won't come there are plenty of enfranchised women who'll make no bones about it. (Goes to door.)

Susan—John! John! Where are you going?

John—To serenade Honoria. She dotes on the bassoon.

Exit, as Susan collapses with head on table. Collapse also of the Paris trip and the Progressive Club.

—*St. James's Gazette.*

The Hindoo and the Waterbury Watch Spring.

Tour to Alaska.

It is a pleasant fact that Mr. Grafton, who has so successfully conducted Grafton's Tours through Mexico the past three winters, will, on June 29, leave Chicago with a select party for Alaska. The route going will be *via* Kansas City, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Denver, on through the majestic scenery of Colorado to Salt Lake, Ogden, Portland, Tacoma; thence *via* the electric lighted steamer Queen to Alaska, returning *via* the Canadian Pacific Railway. Stops will be made at special points of interest, and the charge made will include railway and steamship fare, berths and meals *en route* on steamer and at hotels for a period of thirty days. In regard to the excellence of these tours reference is made, by special permission, to Mr. Joseph Jackes, barrister, 72 Church street, Toronto. For tour books and full information call or write to either of the following: C. D. Richardson, 28 Adelaide street east, W. R. Callaway, 110 King street west, H. D. Armstrong, traveling passenger agent, Jackson, Mich., or T. T. Grafton, manager of tours, 199 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

Labouchere and the Theosophists.

Labouchere has been having a passage at arms with the Theosophists. In a recent issue of London *Truth* he settles the matter as far as he is concerned: "To the best of my ability I always seek to master the contents of every communication addressed to me at this office, and not many of my correspondents can, I think, complain that they have not been favored with a notice of some kind. During the last fortnight, however, I have been compelled to violate my usual rule in the case of two large classes of correspondence. The one relates to Female Suffrage, the other to Madame Blavatsky. I have opened some hundreds of letters relating to these two fascinating subjects. I have read them until my patience was exhausted, and I have found nothing in them but incoherent abuse or maudlin drivel. The worm has now turned. I give notice that I will read no further communications in reference to either Female Suffrage or Madame Blavatsky, and I have given orders that all MS. dealing with either subject shall be immediately destroyed. I regret this step the less in view of the statement published last week that Madame Blavatsky has revisited this mortal sphere since her lamented decease. An American doctor, it appears, one Buck, has seen and held converse with the lady. In face of this fact mere controversy is idle. Why should I read tons of literature in defence of the departed prophetess? If madame will appear to me, I shall be delighted to hear what she has to say for herself. The interview will, I venture to think, not only be a great honor and pleasure to me personally, but it will be a much better thing for "the cause" than an apparition to any Buck. It is, of course, superfluous to inform madame that I can always be seen at *Truth* Office on Mondays or Tuesdays or on other days by appointment. And if a Mahatma or two would condescend to "precipitate"—I believe that is the technical term—in this direction at the same time, the interest of the visit will be enhanced."

Misses E. & H. Johnston, 122 King street west, beg to announce that they have just opened up a choice selection of "chiffon" challys and various other summer goods. Latest novelties in Parisian millinery and trimmings.

He Liked It.

"Ah!" said the editor, as the young author came in, "that last thing was good. We were much pleased with it."

"Well, in that case," said the author, "I will take back what I said in my letter, about not liking the way you treated me, and declaring that I should send you no more of my work."

"Oh, that's all right!" replied the editor, with heartless cruelty. "That letter is what I referred to."

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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Notes of an Idler.

Shakespeare in describing his highest ideal of alluring female beauty, speaks of Cleopatra's "infinite variety." And to the idler this constitutes one of the greatest of Nature's charms. She never repeats herself. There never were two blades of ribbon grass alike, nor two butterflies with wings exactly alike, nor since that evening when the first awe-stricken man grieved to see the sun sink have there been two sunsets alike. And more replete with interest than any other event in nature is this everyday event—the dying of the great light that people formerly invested with a personality, and have hardly yet ceased to do so. We English speaking people, the countrymen of Newton, know the folly of such poetic ideas, but still the sun helps and hinders our affairs so much that we are almost like poor pagans, tempted to regard him as a god and propitiate him to gain his favor. And how majestic is his reigning and how kinglike, what to us for the time being is his death. And it is of the infinite variety of this death that I started out to speak. One can imagine the awe inspired in that first man by the falling monstrous disc, the golden roseate vistas of the assembled clouds, and the final disappearance of the king and the fading of his train of light. And since that night how many millions of phases of his gorgeousness has he shown—ever different and ever beautiful, sometimes transcendently so. Here the other evening, while the heavens were still thundering, he cast a golden lining on the teeming clouds to precede his descent, then through the crystal wall of the falling rain he himself was seen; then the black clouds again enveloped him, and then once more he revealed himself and every window and drooping blade of grass and pool was made beautiful. Then the clouds again drifted across his face and gradually over the indefinite area of translucent gold, and all was black again, and no one saw him sink. Or at other times he shows great snowy mountains outlined in gold with vales of beauty opening on their shades, ever changing and shifting. Unknown, unexplorable countries; the Islands of the Blest, that Horace sang of, perhaps.

And the Frenchman's science tells us that the dying last man shall see his rosy light scintillating from endless fields of ice, and shall see the frozen whiteness of the sky transformed by the setting sun's rays and the countless reflections of the ice-bound earth.

Music.

On Thursday evening the public concert of the Toronto College of Music was given at the Pavilion before an immense and very much interested audience. Though the programme was of great length it was "sat out" by most of the audience, who were by no means chary of expressing their hearty approval of the good things musical provided by the students. The following programme was offered: Lautner, Overture (Fest), piano, sixteen hands, Misses Tait, Reynolds, McKinnon, Burt, Smith, Dalrymple, Kane, Lamport; Henrion, Loin du Pays Tyrolienne, vocal, Miss McFaul; Mozart, Allegro (Concerto, op. 33) two pianos and orchestra, Misses McKay and Broughton; Lucantoni, Il Ritorno, vocal, Miss Edith Mason; Chopin, Vivace, Rondo (Concerto, op. 11), piano and orchestra, Miss Sullivan; Eckert, Echo Song, vocal, Miss Scrimger; Scharwenka, *a* Polish Dance, Vogrich, *b* Staccato Caprice, piano, Miss Sara Ryan; Lucantoni, A Night in Venice, vocal duet, Mrs. Smith and Mr. Bird; Raff, *a* Cavatina, Wieniawski, *b* Mazurka, violin solo, Mrs. Church; Wagner, Tannhæuser (Overture), piano, sixteen hands, Misses Wey, McKinnon, F. Smith, Kane, Sullivan, Wells, McKay, Scott; Schumann, Andante-Variations, op. 46, two pianos, Misses Boultbee and Benson; Vaccaj, Tomb scene Romeo and Juliet, vocal, Miss Bonsall; Liszt, *a* Liebes Traeume, No. 3, Chopin, *b* Ballade, No. 3, piano, Miss Gaylord; Verdi, Bella Figlia, vocal quartette, Misses McFaul and Bonsall, Messrs. Parr and Lugsdin; Godard, *a* Mazurka, in D minor, Boccherini-Joseffy, *b* Minuett, piano, Miss Landell; Weber, Jubilee Overture, piano, sixteen hands, Misses Reynolds, Tait, Kane, Lamport, Sullivan, F. Smith, S. F. Smith, Burt.

The playing of the two overtures on four pianos produced an excellent effect. The young ladies kept excellent time and their renditions displayed no mean appreciation of the necessary orchestral effects. Of course it will be remembered that the work of each young student does not usually come under the sharp light of criticism, yet many of the performers, both vocal and instrumental, were so well advanced in their respective departments that they could well stand the severe test of a critical weighing of their renditions. In the piano section especially the work was extremely good, and the rendering of the two concertos by the Misses McKay and Broughton, and Miss Sullivan, was well worthy of high praise, especially as they were played with the necessary orchestral parts. Similar excellence attended the performance by the Misses Boultbee and Benson who displayed excellent technical resources and very good taste, as well as that by Miss Gaylord, a very promising pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt, who played with a very facile technique and with a breadth and clearness most desirable as a ground work for advanced study. The vocal pupils showed excellent proficiency, Miss Scrimger especially singing with good voice, method and style. Miss Bonsall showed a decided advance upon former efforts, more especially in shading of tone. The Rigoletto quartette was not a distinguished success. Such works as this, which tax the highest powers of the best artists, are sometimes beyond the reach of sanguine students.

The Hon. G. W. Ross, in well chosen words, referred to the interest manifested by the public in this prosperous institution, as shown by the immense audience gathered to listen to the annual concert, and expressed the pleasure he had in presenting the gold medal to Miss Fannie Sullivan, not the highest honor to be conferred by the college, but one most desirable to obtain, being the reward of all round musicianship. He hoped to see Miss Sullivan take a degree at a future day in the University of Toronto.

On Friday evening Signor P. Delasco gave a most enjoyable *soiree musicale* in the Art Gallery of the Academy of Music, before an audience that was all too small for the deserts of the programme. It was just the programme for a warm summer night, short and good. Signor Delasco made himself a favorite at once. He is a fine, frank-looking young fellow, and his voice is just as frank and free in its style. It is a splendid serviceable basso of good compass, with a fine solid tone throughout. Its quality is bright and full, with an especial characteristic of roundness and power. He has had good training and sings with ease and abandon. His faults—and who among us is entirely faultless!—are an occasional tendency to a slight aberration from the pitch and a slight lack of repose on the concert platform, probably a reminiscence of his operatic work. Signor Delasco has sung successfully at La Scala in Milan, at Covent Garden, and at other famous European opera houses, and came back to America (he is a native of Toronto) to sing with the Juch Opera Company. His acquaintance with opera is evident in the manner in which he sang Infelice, from Ernani, and the Dio dell' Or from Faust, the latter especially being dramatically rendered. His other songs were Hybrias the Cretan and the well known In Cellar Cool. Mrs. Caldwell assisted and gave an excellent rendering of the Queen of the Night aria from the Magic Flute. Her high staccato notes were beautifully sure and correct. She also gave a pathetic rendering of the Rainy Day, and by special request sang her ever welcome Cuckoo Song.

Miss Janes assisted by the rendition of three piano solos. This young lady is a decided acquisition to the ranks of amateur pianists in Toronto, bringing as she does a very thorough European training which, added to a good grounding in Toronto, with extremely good natural inclination and refined taste, make her a very agreeable executant. She has a fine warm tone and great executive facility. She played Mendelssohn's Scherzo a Capriccio, Liszt's Au Lac de Wallenstadt of the Annees de Pelerinage, and an Etude of Raff. I was particularly pleased with her playing of the Liszt number, its bright, joyous sentiment being excellently interpreted. Mr. T. D. Beddoe was in fine voice and gave very tasty renditions of My All and My Pretty Jane. The thunderous Suoni la Tromba duett from I. Puritani sung by Mr. Schuch and Signor Delasco, gave a fitting climax to the programme. The audience had occasion to be grateful to Mrs. H. M. Blight for her excellent accompaniments.

On Saturday evening the friends of the Conservatory of Music were entertained by a piano recital at the hands of Mr. W. H. Sherwood, now of Chicago. Mr. Sherwood had traveled on Friday night, examined the piano pupils of the Conservatory on Saturday, and then played a long and taxing programme on Saturday evening, yet he pleased me better in spite of all these drawbacks than on previous visits. His playing is eccentric as is also his reading of his composers, being I fancy somewhat influenced by a small hand, yet he struck me as being less fantastic than on former occasions. In the more trifling pieces he was elegant and dainty to an extreme, yet avoided effeminacy. His touch was round and warm while not devoid of delicacy and great refinement. He gave a very artistic rendering of the Beethoven Sonata in E flat, op. 31, No. 2, which was followed by a long procession of programme pieces. I liked his Schubert Liszt Soiree de Vienne and Liszt's Gaomenreigen. He closed with Liszt's second Rhapsodie, which despite his fatigue he played with great effect. Some vocal numbers were excellently rendered by pupils of Signor D'Auria. Miss Clara Code's pretty voice showed well in Casta Diva, and the duett Here All Night received a very careful rendition from Miss Eva N. Robin and Mr. W. Robinson. Mr. D. Edwards Clarke sang Tosti's Good Bye very well, and it did my heart good to hear the old song once more.

On Monday evening I dropped into St. Paul's Hall on Power street to hear the combined Catholic choirs under Mr. G. E. Brame. While the number of choristers was sufficiently small to suggest a judicious weeding, I could not help being struck by the splendid tone of the voices, and by their very good balance in parts. Mr. Brame's people sang well with precision and crispness, and were most creditable to him. So many changes were made in the programme, announcement of which I did not hear, that I quite despair of giving an adequate account of a very interesting concert. I was struck by the fine basso cantanta voice of Mr. J. Costello, and by the very rich soprano voice of Miss Mabel Glover, a girl in her teens. She has a voice that possesses great possibilities if properly trained, a treatment that should not be neglected much longer.

On Tuesday evening Association Hall was filled to the doors with an audience that had assembled to attend the public concert of the pupils of the Conservatory. A very satisfactory degree of proficiency was shown by these young ladies and gentlemen, whose performances were very gratifying to their friends and creditable to their teachers. The following programme was performed:

Organ, Grand Chœur, Guilmant, Miss Lizzie J. Schooley; piano, Rondo Brillante, Weber, Miss Alice Coles; vocal, Love the Pilgrim, Blumenthal, Miss Sophie Foad; piano, La Bella Capriccioso, Hummel, Miss Frances S. Morris; vocal, Across the Far Blue Hills Marie, Blumenthal, Miss Annie Hawkins; piano, Concerto, D Major (1st movement), Mozart, Miss Amy M. M. Grahame, orchestral accompaniment, 2nd piano, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, A.T.C.M., and Conservatory String Quartette, Messrs. J. Bayley, 1st violin, F. Napolitano, 2nd violin, F. d'Auria, viola, Giuseppe Dinelli, 'cello; vocal, It was not so to be, Helmund, Miss Mary Pridham; piano, Fantaisie Impromptu, Chopin, Miss Flora Boyd; elocution, The Whistling Regiment, Harvey, Miss Eva May; piano, Capriccio Brillante, Mendelssohn, Miss Jessie Bustin, orchestral accompaniment, 2nd piano, Miss Eleanor Milliken, and Conservatory Quartette Club; vocal, Leonora (Bolero), Trotere, Mr. Frank Barber; piano, Tarantelle, op. 43, Chopin, Miss Mildred Beck; vocal, More Regal in His Low Estate (La Reine de Saba), Gounod, Miss Annie Rose; piano, Cachoucha Caprice, Raff, Miss Charlotte Smyth; vocal, Sing, Smile, Slumber, Gounod, Miss Frances S. Morris; piano, 2d ballade, op. 47, Chopin, Miss Maude Hirschfelder; vocal, Oh, Fatal Gift (Don Carlos), Verdi, Miss Susie Herson; organ, offertoire, F minor (St. Cecilia), Batiste, Mr. J. Meredith McKim.

The summer exodus has begun. Last Saturday Mr. F. H. Torrington and Mr. A. S. Vogt started off on a pilgrimage to Bayreuth, where they will hear some Wagner operas as the master intended they should be heard. They will be joined by Mr. W. Edgar Buck. Mrs Drechsler-Adamson also has gone to Europe, and other departures are imminent.

I have received a programme of the closing exercises at the Brantford Ladies' College, which have occupied several days. There has been a great deal of music at these festivities, and the plentiful exhibition of our art and the excellence of its details reflected great credit upon Mr. G. H. Fairclough, who is the musical director of the college, and upon Miss Marie C. Strong, who is the vocal preceptress.

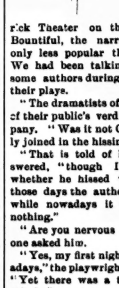
The Mozart Quartette Club, comprising Mrs. Clara E. Shilton, Frau Dunbar-Morawetz, Mr. Harold Jarvis and Mr. E. W. Schuch, closed a very successful first season at Orillia on Tuesday evening last. Though only organized a few months it speedily sprang into public favor and has filled sixteen important engagements in the city and elsewhere. Its reputation has grown to such an extent that it has already several engagements booked for September and October, among the latter being one at the Capital. The acceptance by Mr. Jarvis of a choir engagement in Detroit will not prevent his participation in the work of the Mozart Quartette, as he will make frequent visits to Toronto for rehearsal and concert.

On Monday evening, Herr Ernst Doering, a violoncello soloist, at present resident in Halifax, N.S., will give a recital in the Hall of the College of Music, assisted by his wife, Frau Marianna Doering-Brauer, a pianist of note. The gentleman pursued his studies with great success at Leipsic, having the highest testimonials from the dignitaries of the conservatory of that city. Madame Doering is equally well recommended from Berlin. Both artists have made successful journeys through Germany, Holland, Poland and Russia.

Mrs. Clara E. Shilton, the popular soprano of the Mozart Quartette has just returned from Calcazo, where she was engaged to sing on Sunday, June 21, for Rev. Dr. Thomas' (Presbyterian) congregation. Mrs. Shilton's singing was received with great pleasure, the members of the music committee being most generous and hearty in their expressions of praise and satisfaction. The services are now closed until September, and Mrs. Shilton has already been engaged to sing again during that month. The position of solo soprano in this congregation is one that is much sought after, the last incumbent having been Mrs. Moran Wyman, so well and favorably known here.

METRONOME.

The Drama.



TUDY of the unconscious actions of animals is advised in the "memories" of Ellen Terry, printed last week. Mr. J. M. Barrie, however, relates an instance when this advice was followed with unhappy results. He tells it as follows: This odd story was told me in the smoking-room of the Garrick Theater on the first night of Lady Bountiful, the narrator being a dramatist only less popular than Mr. Pinero himself. We had been talking of the nervousness of some authors during the first performance of their plays.

"The dramatists of the past were less afraid of their public's verdict," said one of the company. "Was it not Charles Lamb who blandly joined in the hissing of his own piece?"

"That is told of him," the dramatist answered, "though I have often wondered whether he hissed very loudly. Besides, in those days the author got little for his play, while nowadays it is worth a fortune or nothing."

"Are you nervous on a first night?" someone asked him.

"Yes, my first nights are a trial to me nowadays," the playwright answered very gloomily. "Yet there was a time when I took them calmly."

"How curious," remarked someone, "that nervousness should have come with experience."

"It is not so much nervousness," replied the playwright, "as a detestable self-consciousness. I have lost faith in my work, or rather in my own judgment of it. Formerly I knew if a speech or a situation would be effective, but now I can never feel certain that my best things will not be received with derision."

"How do you account for the change?"

"It all came about through my going into the country to write a play. I have never been the same man since. I left the farm house, where I had gone for quietness, without writing the play; but the proud brute had already worked his mischief on me. I see him at this moment, I dream about him, I am always hearing him."

"What proud brute?"

"It was a fowl, a little bantam cock, that I encountered fifty times a day. Until that fowl came into my life (and marred it) I never knew what pride was. Until it took to eying me sideways I never realized what is meant by the scorn of scorns. Until it stood determinedly in my way I never felt fear. Until it strutted by me I never really knew that I was a thing of no consequence. Until it crowed at me I never felt that I was found out and despised. I assure you, that exasperating fowl had an effect on my health as well as on my work."

"Never mind your health. How did it effect your work?"

"Disastrously. You know that scene in domestic drama where——"

"But what domestic drama?"

"Oh, in all domestic dramas, where the smooth villain, after being spurned by the heroine, shows himself in his true colors, and is repulsed by her with the haughty words, 'Ah, now I know you! Stand back, and let me pass!' Well, that was a situation I used to come out strong in—I always knew it would go. But the hateful fowl has altered all that. On a first night I sit in my box in anguish, feeling that the situation will be laughed at. You see it all depends on the actress's capacity for drawing herself up and looking very haughty. But haughtiness at once brings that bantam before my eyes. No woman, however great a genius she may be, can draw herself up quite so proudly as that fowl did, and while she is drawing herself up I see not her, but it. I tremble lest the audience remembers the fowl also.

"In the next scene," continued the unfortunate playwright, "the heroine is usually shown in poor lodgings. The machinations of the villain have sent the hero, her husband, to jail, or to the wars, and the villain reappears to press his suit. She has her little child with her; and the child, refusing to favor his friendly advances, runs to her mother. I used to have absolute faith in that scene, but a cold sweat breaks out on me now when the curtain rises on it."

"The bantam again?"

"Yes, the bantam! At the farm I soon despaired of getting round the brute itself, but I tried to make friends of some chickens by flinging them crumbs. Instead of accepting the crumbs they fluttered their wings and ran to the bantam, which stood in the middle of them, looking at me precisely as the young mother in the domestic drama looks at the villain. The stage direction for the lady is 'Regard him with the air of a queen,' and the air of a queen is very much the air of a king, which, again, is a mere copy from the air of a bantam cock. In the play the foiled villain retires grinding his teeth, just as I used to retire from the presence of that fowl. When the villain reaches the door he turns round to say something blood-curdling, and the lady answers him with a look of contempt. It was with such threats that I left the bantam, and with such contempt that he received them. Then take the last scene in the play. It is a room, there is a door—center, as we say technically; and if it is an open-air scene there is a rustic gate, center. Well, the villain is having everything his own way. The lady believes her husband to be dead, and meditates marrying the villain (who has persuaded her that he is virtuous) for the sake of her child. That villain walks triumphantly to the gate, center, when suddenly the hero enters, center. The crushed villain falls back down stage, when a policeman enters L. I. E. in time to slip the handcuffs on him. There is not safer ending to a domestic drama than that, and if what preceded had given satisfaction I used to feel that all was well. But it is an agonizing scene to me now. There was a gate in the farmyard, where I constantly met the bantam. For the moment I had forgotten the brute. I was off to fish, full of hope and merry, when suddenly there was that fowl eying me, just as the hero eyes the villain. I can assure you that no villain on the stage falls back from virtue more precipitately than I retreated from the bantam. How can I sit composedly through the first night of my plays when it seems to me that at the end of every dramatic speech and in the middle of every situation I hear cock-a-doodle-doo!"

The numerous friends in Canada of Mr. Franklin McLeay will be pleased to hear that he is making rapid advancement in Wilson Barrett's company. He is still in London and enjoys English life very much, and his health is much improved. The leading lady of the company is a countess, and as Mr. Barrett is an English favorite his company frequently plays before royalty, and lately he dined with the Prince of Wales. The London papers give Mr. McLeay very flattering notices, and bespeak for him a brilliant future.

Art and Artists.

Mr. A. H. Howard, R. C. A., has completed the decoration of the resolution of condolence passed by the Board of Trade on the death of Sir John A. Macdonald. The resolution in this form will be presented to Lady Macdonald. The decoration is, of course, in subdued colors and is on five gray boards, and these are beautifully bound in purple morocco. On the first page are the words "In Memoriam" and "Obit, June 6th, 1891," with an appropriate quotation from Tennyson and beautiful decorative devices. The second page contains the seal of the Board of Trade with floral designs. The three following pages embody the resolution itself, with the signatures of president and secretary. The whole is one of the most beautiful works that Mr. Howard has ever turned out. Mr. Howard is now at work on a resolution for the City Council on a still more elaborate scale, which will be described in this column on its completion.

The Art Schools' Exhibition at the Educational Department last week was very full and interesting. Work was exhibited coming from all parts of the province, and good work came even from so far away as Portage la Prairie, Man.

CHAD.

The Astronomer.

For Saturday Night.

I.

I had fail'd to catch the value of the large rewards of time
Or to understand the workings of a purpose all sublime;
And my heart was sore and sorrow'd by the losing of a fight
I had fought through many a feverish hour in the hot and restless night.

Following the coursing planets, seeking for some hidden cause
That should yield the race a flower from the laurel of its laws;
Till my brain was reeling madly with the half caught harmony
Of a secret all but fathom'd out of heaven's unfathom'd sea,

And I cried aloud, exultant, with a shout so wild and high
That the stars shook—and my triumph trembled from the sickly sky.

Weary was I of the weakness and the endless shame of life
And I long'd to soar away from earth—its blindness and its strife,

And so watch far backward fading, like the sickly mists of morn
All the lies and empty errors of our social system born.

Oh, how like a young lark longing when the morn is fresh on high
To arise and burst in music 'mid the breezes of the sky,

Long'd I then, as gazing upwards, faintly glowing I could see
In the hectic flash of morning, wan-eyed planets beckon me,

That I could arise on pinions, sweeping upward thro' the morn
Into the rose-tinted chambers where the breath of man is born,

Leaving memory far behind me; soaring onward, upward, on
Till I heard no more the tumult of earth's each succeeding dawn.

II.

Now the sun was stalking upward, and the night had ceas'd to weep,
And his glory enter'd in me; wearied then, I fel asleep.
And his glory still was in me, coursing thro' each throbbing vein,
Till it pour'd in golden torrents over all my aching brain.

Then I thought that I was mounted on a sunbeam red as gold,
And from earth was wafted outward by two forms of fairest mold,

Towards the glimmering, glowing planets, I had coveted to reach
When the sun that morn had laid his fingers on the western beach.

But I turn'd around to bid farewell unto that rayless world
From whose unregretted portals I was being gently whirl'd.

Startled I beheld such glory as I ne'er beheld before,
Glancing from earth's deepest seas and reaped in sheets from shore to shore.

"Oh" I sigh'd, I sigh'd complaining, "Would that I were with you still,
For the earth is great in glory and I judg'd the earth but ill.

"All the sin and all the sorrow, all the blistering and the strife,
Are as nothing to the goodness and the greatness of man's life.

"And the brightest star that glimmers on the stones of heaven's hearth
Is as nothing in its glory to the glory of the earth!"

III.

Then the fever of nightmare left my struggling, choking heart,
And I woke from sleepless slumber with a shuddering cry and start.

But the sun was shining brightly thro' the casement on my eyes,
And I heard the wakening murmur of the city slowly rise

"Ah," I sigh'd, but uncomplaining, "Mother of God preserve me still!
For this earth is great in glory and I judg'd this earth but ill."

OWEN SOUND. JAS. A. TUCKER.

Marguerites.

For Saturday Night.

Beautiful, pale-stairred marguerite
Of richest gold and white,
O, tell to me if my lover sweet
Is thinking of me to-night.

As I scatter your petals dainty,
Leaving naught but your heart of gold,
Tell me, O, tell me truly—
Does he love me as of old?

"He loves me"—"he loves me not,"
"He loves me," your white petals say,
Beautiful, pale-stairred marguerite,
Queen flower of the fair summer day.

In fields of sweet honied clover,
Swaying gracefully all the day long,
Singing to me of my lover,
Queen-flower with a white petalled crown.

R.

That Cuss of a Boy.

For Saturday Night.

A stone has shivered the window pane—
Who threw it no one knows aught about,
And somebody's chivied the hens again
And somebody's let two gamecocks out—
Somebody's pulled the fence with mud,
Somebody's trampled the flowers flat,
And somebody's roused the warlike blood
'Twixt the terrier and the family cat;
Somebody's stirred up the bumble bees
In the humming nest underneath the barn,
And somebody's swung on your growing trees
And done them an everlasting harm;
Somebody's harried the Robin's nest
And flung the blue eggs there on the ground—
Somebody's done his level best
To let you know that he's been around.

Who is somebody? There he stands,
With a gamecock's plume in his hat awry,
With mud and scratches fresh on his hands
And a bee sting has closed one flashing eye,
With his face by the chase of the hens yet flushed,
And a soiled hand hiding the stone it feels,
With the crafty terrier seeming crushed
To a wad of hair at the owner's heels.
Somebody's caught in the very act,
Somebody's dog has been led astray,
And your wrathful voice proclaims the fact
That both are in for a bitter day.

Animal spirits have found their vent;
But strike you never a blow in rage,
The twig will grow as your hand has bent,
Your writing will show on life's future page.
A righteous correction is firm enough,
An iron kindness will rightly show
That splendid bit of the good game stuff
Which scorns to whimper beneath a blow.
Leather him well, if leather you will,
The leather may mean for him future joy,
He's a regular devil I know, but still,
Think of the time when—you were a boy.

ED. W. SANDYS.

Noted People.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward is soon to publish a novel called David.

The Pope has made a will bequeathing all his property to the Holy See.

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough have purchased several tracts of land in Glascon, Va., on which they will make extensive improvements.

The raising of choice poultry is a hobby with William K. Vanderbilt, and he is building a fifteen-thousand dollar house for his pets on his estate at Oakdale.

Lieutenant C. J. W. Grant, the hero of the Manipur rebellion, who led 30 men against 4000 and was twice wounded, has been decorated with the Victoria Cross.

The pure and sweet-scented lily-of-the valley has a warm friend in the Prince of Wales, who devotes acres of ground to the cultivation of the flower at Sandringham, his country seat.

Lucas Malet, the novelist, is Mrs. Harrison, daughter of Charles Kingsley, and her husband is the Rev. William Harrison, whose father was for some time the tenor of the Pyne & Harrison opera combination.

Henry M. Howe of Boston, the son of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, has been awarded a prize of 2500 francs by the National Society for the Encouragement of Industries at Paris, for a treatise on the metallurgy of steel.

It seems very natural that Prof. Wiggins, the storm prophet, should enter the field of romance, for his direful predictions never came true. He is to publish a book entitled Jack Shuehard; or, Life on Jupiter.

Leo XIII. is a member of the society of Arcadia, and on the occasion of its second anniversary he sent twenty sonnets written in honor of the occasion. He has written a number of poems under the *nom de plume* Nerander Heracleus.

A clue to Emin Pasha's objection to being "rescued" by Henry M. Stanley and dragged back to the confines of civilization, may be found in the statement that since his return to the interior of Africa he has sent to the coast a consignment of ivory valued at nearly $500,000.

Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, a Roman Catholic priest at Chicago, has instructed his parishioners to name their children after the saints, and refused to baptize a child that was to be named Garfield. The murdered president was a preacher who had left the pulpit for politics, and nothing in his life characterized him preeminently as a Christian.

Dr. Fordyce Barker, one of the most eminent physicians of this century, died at his residence in Thirty-eighth street, New York, last week, aged seventy-three years. Dr. Barker had been practicing his profession for fifty years, and for more than thirty years of that time he has stood in the very front rank. He was a native of Maine, and born of an English family, his father being a physician.

Alexander P. Gordon Cumming, a brother to the Sir William whose name is just now unpleasantly prominent in England, is a prosperous gentleman farmer near Sykesville, Carroll County, Maryland. He is popular with the neighboring grangers, and a social favorite at Washington, where he and his wife spend their winters. Farmer Gordon-Cumming is over six feet tall, and a remarkably fine-looking man.

William Graham Green, an old friend of Abraham Lincoln, is still living in Illinois, and is eighty years old. He claims to have given the great war president his first lessons in grammar, when the two were clerks together in a store at New Salem, but acknowledges that in six weeks the scholar knew a great deal more about the study than his teacher did. Mr. Green enlisted with Lincoln for the Black Hawk War, and says he was present when Jeff Davis swore Abe in as captain of the company. His fund of reminiscences of the martyr president is almost unlimited, as he remained his intimate friend throughout his public life.

Richard Henry Strange, the colored tragedian, is going abroad soon, and expects to play Shakespeare's tragedies in London and Berlin, supported by a company of white actors. Later on he hopes to appear in New York, and will have a theater built for him in Philadelphia next year if his present ambitions are realized. Mr. Strange was born in Virginia, and is only twenty-six years old. He was educated in the public schools of Philadelphia, distinguishing himself in his studies, and developed histrionic tastes early. Two of his sisters have acted parts with him in Philadelphia, and he believes that notwithstanding present race prejudices there is a brilliant future in the drama for people of his color.

Mrs. Jennie T. Lozier, the new president of Sorosis, made her first appearance in her new position at the last meeting of the club at Delmonico's. Mrs. Lozier is a short, rosy-cheeked, pleasant-faced, gray-haired woman, with beautiful hands and a charming manner. In a handsome French gown of dove-colored cashmere, she was very agreeable to look upon and she wielded the gavel and suppressed undesirable speakers with grace and dignity. Mrs. Lozier is herself a physician, is the wife of a physician and the daughter-in-law of the late famous Dr. Clemence Lozier. She has not, however, practiced medicine for several years, but devotes the greater part of her time to philanthropic work.

The "Countess of Dufferin's Fund" is designed to supply female medical aid to the women of India. It has now been established for several years and its usefulness has been fully proved. Formerly the women of the zenanas suffered in silence when prostrated by illness, and they gratefully welcome the aid proffered by their sisters in other lands. There are thirty-one lady physicians and surgeons, seventy-two missionary ladies practicing, and over two hundred girl students at the various medical schools of India, under the support of this fund. Although the work has largely been done by the Countess of Dufferin, the suggestion originated with Queen Victoria, and she was moved to do something for her neglected subjects by a pitiful appeal sent by a child-widow directly to her majesty several years ago.

Arthur the Matchmaker.

From the French of George Coutellier.

MARRIED! Yes, I am married, and to such a charming little woman! Oh, dear Arthur, let me bless your memory! Arthur, who is Arthur? You are puzzled? Arthur is a dog, a horrid cur, and it is to him I owe my marriage—queer, isn't it? Well, it is true all the same, my marriage is owing to this dog. It is one of those strange things which happen in this world. Come, I'll tell you about it. I am a Frenchman—one of those horrible Frenchmen of France—a lawless and faithless being, who prefers wine to ginger ale. Last year I came to America and landed at New York. As soon as I was settled in the city I began to explore it in every direction, taking one day a Broadway tram car. You know, don't you, those rolling affairs built to hold at most fifty people, but into which two hundred stow themselves? No doubt you can recall one of those interesting trips when you had the good fortune to be jostled between two immense females, when you got the elbow of your neighbor in the eye and were quite sure to have your extremities crushed and fractured by feet escaped from Chicago!

Thus it was when I found myself in the tram about four that afternoon. It was more than crowded; the people who were hanging to the leather straps looked as if they were taking swimming lessons; it was difficult even to breathe.

As for me, I completely disappeared, buried as I was between two young Americans, who under the cover of their immense hats devoted themselves to a most animated conversation across my shoulders! One of these hats was shrouded in enormous feathers which were every instant tickling my ears, just when I couldn't scratch them, as my hands were completely useless, owing to my having the happiness of supporting two immense Yankees who were, so to speak, leaning upon my knees. It was truly delightful. I had to content myself by making an absurd grimace every time the strands of the feather tickled me. At last, in spite of it all, I was nearing the end of my pleasure trip when suddenly I felt some creature gnawing at the hem of one of my trowser legs. I tried to let fly some kicks under the seat, but the devil of a thing, whatever it was, would not let go. The more I pulled the more he pulled, and at the same time I heard a significant growling, such as is made by a dog who does not mean to relinquish his prey, something which one might write thus—arrrrrrrrr!

The people in the car began to stare at me, then they smiled, then they laughed, first quietly in American fashion, then in a more open manner, while I kept up my vigorous efforts. From the far end of the car I heard a little voice crying, "Arthur, Arthur, my dear, come here," but Arthur paid no more attention to the call than a fish would rise to an apple, and I saw that I should have to resort to other treatment. Freeing one of my hands by a vigorous effort—repulsing altogether my two Yankees—I plunged the said hand under the bench and felt something hairy; I seized this something; I pulled and felt a resistance; however after some effort I was able to drag out Arthur, whom I exhibited to the gaze of the amazed passengers. The cursed dog had torn an enormous piece from my trowsers and the rag hung helplessly from the end of his muzzle.

Then I heard a formidable burst of laughter. All the passengers were in convulsions, the conductor forgot to take up the fares, the driver had even stopped his horses, and still the same voice in the distance repeated "Arthur, Arthur, come, my dear!" I gingerly handed the culprit to my neighbor, who passed it on, and the frightful cur was thus returned to his mistress. Is it needful to tell you that I made superhuman attempts to see the owner of the dog? Her voice had enchanted me—I wished to behold her form. At last I was successful. Oh! what a charming little woman! What eyes, what lips, what teeth, what curls, what a nose, what hair, what ears! At the same moment I caught sight of a little hand which I saw raised to the bell cord. She rang and the car stopped.

The young girl descended with Arthur under her arm. Then she let him loose and he began to trot after her.

I jumped from the back of the tram. The eyes of the American had positively bewitched me, and it seemed to me that she owed me at least a word of excuse (a chance for me to make myself known). Ah, if you could have seen me! What a piteous appearance I made! The ragged edges of my unfortunate trowsers gave me the air of a tramp. I saw people staring at me, and what irritated me most was that Arthur had the proudest and most triumphant expression. What a beast. *Mon Dieu!* what a beast! Quite black, curly, no breeding, one knew he was of the meanest parentage; and what a tail! A tail like a trumpet, twisted two or three times around itself like a hunting horn. Add to this short cocked up ears. In a word, a hideous pup.

The young girl stopped. She looked at the hem of my trowsers. I saw that she was inclined to laugh for she bit her lips.

At last she approached and spoke to me. Do you know what she said? I give you a hundred—a thousand guesses! She said: "Isn't he smart, my dear doggy?"

You should have seen the look I gave her. I was petrified, but I managed to answer, "Oh yes, very intelligent, but rather disobedient." After that the conversation proceeded. I remembered that I had met her at some five o'clock teas given by our mutual friends. All went finely. I had made sensible progress, when all at once she turned round—"Arthur, where is Arthur?" My eyes searched from one end of the street to the other, but I saw nothing, when suddenly I perceived the corkscrew tail of the cur crouching over a door step. "Doggy, doggy—here!" but doggy did not budge—he had a mind of his own. I am sure he found himself on the threshold of one of those fourteen-story buildings, and he wished to climb the stairs. "Oh, monsieur," said the American, "couldn't you catch Arthur?" "How, then, mademoiselle, could I refuse?"

And there I was chasing that devil of a dog. The more I called him the faster he ran. Just fancy! I had to climb to the fourteenth story after Arthur, who stopped at every landing and looked at me with a mocking expression and started off again like fun. I was enraged. At last he dashed into an office like a very gust of wind. What a whirlwind succeeded—what a whirlwind! He was seized with an imbecile sprightliness. He rushed all over the place, on top of the tables, upsetting the inkstands, tearing the curtains, all the clerks after him; it was a veritable chase.

As for me, I stood suffocating in the doorway, with an idiotic look. At last Arthur was captured, and I went down, carrying my captive under my arm. I remember I gave him two or three little thumps on the head—he had well earned them.

The American thanked me, and we continued our walk, and it was arranged that I should call upon her. Next day I came to her house; we chatted of one thing and another. I don't know how it was that we began to talk of how I spent my mornings. "What do you do in the mornings?" asked the young girl. "*Mon Dieu*, not very much, mademoiselle."

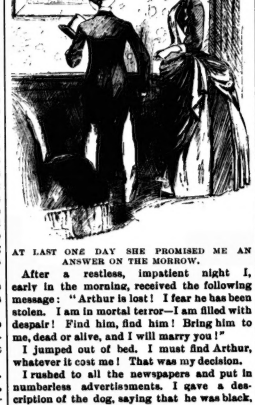
"Oh, then, you could do me the favor of taking Arthur for a little walk. He loves you so much, poor dog." (So he loves me and I have never suspected it!) She gave me as she spoke a very melting glance. How could I refuse? I couldn't; and the next morning I called for Arthur and thus became the attendant of this cur. And what walks we had! Ah, never shall I forget them! There is no doubt that before many days I became one of the traditions of the locality. Arthur possessed every possible vice, and two in a superlative degree. He loved a fight like a very fiend, and he had a most decided weakness for restaurant kitchens.

Fancy a very quiet big dog, philosophically dreaming of the changeableness of human affairs; hardly would Arthur perceive him than he would run and plant himself before him. (I can always see him with his trumpet-shaped tail). Then he would stare at him with a daring air—for he wasn't afraid of anything!—then he would begin to bark at him, then to snap at him, until he had so greatly irritated him that he would end by jumping upon Arthur, who of course took refuge between my feet, and you can easily imagine that my calves received the bite instead of Arthur's paws.

When there was a plurality of dogs it was so much worse. Arthur brought discord everywhere, he set them up one against the other and in two minutes had them raging in battle. Then he would set up a howl, and as I knew his mistress would be furious if anything happened to him, I had to throw myself into the thick of the fight and at the risk of being upset by the combatants to fish my nursling out of the *melee*. And what a love he had for restaurant kitchens! He would risk his life for a veal pot pie! He knew every back entrance. When we took our morning walks he used to disappear now and then into a dark passage, and I had to pursue him even to the kitchen. All the cook boys knew me. They called me Arthur. What a disgrace, *mon Dieu*, what a disgrace!

At noon I led Arthur home and tried to atone for the unpleasantness of the walk by an animated and meaning conversation with my Dulcinea. But every time I arrived at the most interesting climax Arthur interrupted me—how I should have enjoyed wringing his neck—just as I commenced to tell of my love. "There, I think I hear Arthur scratching at the door. Wouldn't you be kind enough to open it?" And I must get up and let him in, and after such an interruption my eloquence would desert me.

It was enough to drive one crazy! And yet I had become so fond of this American that I determined to do any and every thing to win her.



AT LAST ONE DAY SHE PROMISED ME AN ANSWER ON THE MORROW.

After a restless, impatient night I, early in the morning, received the following message: "Arthur is lost! I fear he has been stolen. I am in mortal terror—I am filled with despair! Find him, find him! Bring him to me, dead or alive, and I will marry you!"

I jumped out of bed. I must find Arthur, whatever it cost me! That was my decision.

I rushed to all the newspapers and put in numberless advertisements. I gave a description of the dog, saying that he was black, curly, etc., etc. In the next two days all sorts of dogs were brought to me except black ones. There were yellow and brown and white—I won't say there weren't green and blue. All these animals growled, snapped, showed their teeth, destroyed my carpets, but no Arthur, ever no Arthur!

Thinking of his passion for the restaurant kitchens, I commenced a tour which I shall never forget as long as I live.

I visited all the sanctums where dainty dishes are concocted for the tables of the great restaurants of New York. In each I asked had they seen a little black dog, curly-haired, etc., etc.

"Arthur?" they would ask, for everyone of them knew him.

For my part I began to lose my health; the smell of all these kitchens upset my system till I could not eat a mouthful.

One day when I was prowling round the Bowery I found myself in front of a little passage leading back into one of the dens that flourish in that neighborhood. Looking at the window of this restaurant I noticed an enormous veal pasty. I don't know how the presentiment seized me, but I threw the corridor and entered the horrid and frightful kitchen, where I repeated my formula about the little black curly dog, etc., etc.

"A little black dog?" said they. "Oh, yes, sir, here he is! We have had the happiness of owning him for the last five days! And every time we chase him away by the door he finds some other way to get in. Moreover, he steals all he can get between his teeth. Above everything else he loves a veal pasty. He has eaten more than ten dollars' worth. But I don't think he will eat much more, for he is very ill, indeed he is just about dead of indigestion."

Truly, I perceived the unhappy Arthur, just at the last gasp, and the victim of his own gluttony.

They made me pay ten dollars, but I did it without a word, and having done up the corpse of Arthur in a newspaper parcel, I returned to my American. With a sorrowful expression I handed her my parcel, saying, "You told me to bring back Arthur, dead or alive. I have brought him back dead, but I beg you to believe that I have not been to blame for his death. Now will you keep your promise to me?"

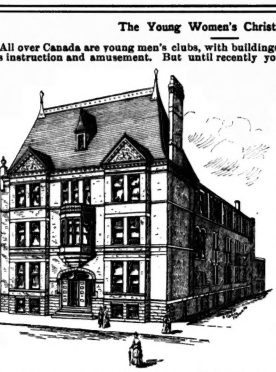
My poor *fiancee* was very much overcome on unwrapping Arthur. She rested her head on my shoulder, and murmured, "We shall have him stuffed, shall we not?" "Yes." "And we will put him in the hall?" "Certainly."

So if you will do me the pleasure of making me your host, you may see Arthur seated on a pedestal beside the umbrella stand. My wife won't allow anyone to dust him, and I am given charge of this task when some engagement keeps her away from home, (he takes out his watch) ah, pardon me, I am obliged to leave you, because it is time to dust Arthur!

TORONTO, June, 1891.

The Young Women's Christian Guild.

All over Canada are young men's clubs, with buildings splendidly equipped for their member's instruction and amusement. But until recently young women were without any such means of amusement. Something like two or three years ago, however, a few ladies of Toronto formed the Young Women's Christian Guild, and in a short time their efforts were encouraged by the manner in which the working girls of the city took hold of the idea. The rooms of the Guild speedily became too limited for their uses and it was decided to build. A building is now in progress on McGill street, a cut of which is here given, and it is estimated that it will cost about $34,000. About $7,000 has been already collected, the working girls of the city themselves having raised nearly $1,000. It is especially desired to avoid patronage of any kind in connection with the Guild, and though the membership ranges from the well paid heads of the departments down to the lowest paid workers, complete equality is the rule. The directors are, of course, anxious to raise all the money possible for the construction of the building, and for this purpose a series of concerts will be given in Toronto by the best artists the city can afford during the educational convention next month, the net proceeds of which will be devoted to the building fund. The corner stone of this building will be laid at 7 o'clock, next Thursday evening.



How Ladies Mend China in New York.

PERHAPS many of my readers may not know that in New York there are ladies, with limited means, who net a very handsome addition to their income by repairing old china. The householders all know with what terrible frequency our Lares and Penates are broken into sundry irreparable atoms by the carelessness of the housemaid or the cat. Well, nowadays, we who are living in a city need not stand over them wringing our hands and bemoaning; instead, we gather up the fragments, pop on our bonnets and hailing the first car, hie we to the lady who mends china. Now, I know you have all made up your minds that she will live in some shabby little house in an equally dingy street, but not so.

After a drive in the car, just long enough to make you feel a wee bit ready for your lunch, you are put down at the corner of Fourteenth street west, where you step out briskly, keeping a keen look out that the precious basket of chips does not get any logs by the hurried passers-by. In less than ten minutes you will find yourself at Mrs. D——'s. Everything, both outside and in, proclaims the fact that china mending must be a remunerative occupation. A neat handmaid ushers you into a cosy room, where your eye is met by an assortment of china of every style and in all stages of antiquity. A priceless set of Sevres hob-nobs with a more plebian dinner set of Worcester, while a magnificent Doulton vase is evidently having a friendly pow-wow with a unique specimen in Bohemian glass. Complete sets of china are grouped about the room, each one being labelled with the owner's name, at the same time stating how many pieces had been mended. My charming friend, Mrs. D——, has now made her appearance—a dignified matron of some thirty-five years—who, after greeting me warmly, gives up her valuable time to the inspection of my broken plate and cup.

"I fear very much that it is impossible for you to mend it, because some of the pieces are hopelessly smashed, and I was not able to gather them together."

"Oh, don't despair! Trust your pets to me, and believe me they shall be returned to you whole and in their right minds—or rather shapes."

She then went on to explain how, when there were pieces gone, she filled in the vacancies with other pieces and employed a skilful artist to copy the patterns, and so completely successful does it prove that the possessors of the china very often are not able to detect the mend. She then went on to describe another stage of her calling, showing that she was the owner of a very far-reaching and vigorous brain.

"You must know," said she, "that many of my employers like it to be thought that their china came over in the Mayflower (poor old thing! It must have had an overwhelming faculty for stowage if it brought over all the things that are laid down to its door)—anything for a little antiquity and not to be among the *nouveau riches*. So they come to me and in strict confidence get me to write out a little fib about how they were descended from some old country family, or to the Knickerbockers, or Van der Huysers. You can't get them too old to please them. Then bring in some romantic incident—how the young Lady Dorothy tied her sheets together, her faithful maid or the four-poster being ballast, and lowered herself out of the casement just in the nick of time for Lord Rudolph to catch her. With the grace of a deer she puts one tiny foot on his manly boot and vaults the pillion. Away bounds the trusty steed. They stop just long enough on their mad career to be married in a remote and secluded chapel, hewn out of the rock, where a priest was always in attendance to tie up runaway couples at a moment's notice. Then away they fly again and manage to get to the water's edge just as the Mayflower is setting sail. How Priscilla, the faithful, stays behind and packs up some of her young lady's belongings with this china amongst them, and so on. Then my clients go home and learn this by rote, and when they are entertaining their friends at dinner, tea, or what not, this story is dragged in, and I can assure you I have been there sometimes and just known, by something in the air, when it was coming. Some make the most laughable jumble of the whole affair, others are glib enough and quite believe it all themselves after repeating it a few times. Oh, yes, we have our reward for so much that is tiresome. I cannot complain.

"You shall have your beloved china sent home to you next week, dear, quite in time for your luncheon party, and no one will be any the wiser that there is a gore in my Lady Kate's off limb and that Prince Charlie's waistcoat has been patched. Good-bye." S. E. A.

To My Laddie.

For Saturday Night:

I'm looking in thy face dear boy, to read what therein lies,
With care I scan that broad fair brow, those honest kindly eyes.

Shall I be proud to call thee mine in all the years to come,
And will thy step and voice make glad as now my heart and home,

Or will thou to temptation yield and wreck my hopes! ah, no!
God grant it be not so, dear lad, God grant it be not so!

Will those clear eyes that now so brave and fearless meet my own,
Ever with shame avoid my glance, or sad with sin look down?

Will they gaze calm on sights that now they shudder to behold?
Will they grow dim with blighted hopes or seeking after gold?

Will they e'er learn to coldly look on misery and woe?
God grant it be not so, dear lad, God grant it be not so!

That open brow, will it e'er be all seamed and lined with care?
Will reckless dissipation ever set her dark seal there?

Will e'er those lips that now speak merry, kindly words to all,
Untrue, unkind, hard, bitter things, or blasphemy let fall?

Will e'er that face with something worse than boyish anger glow?
God grant it be not so, dear lad, God grant it be not so!

I may not read thy future, dear, I have not eyes to see
The windings of the path of life that is laid out for thee,

But whether joy's fair wreath thou'lt wear or sorrow's iron crown,
To Heaven mayst thou ever look nor meet thy Father's frown,

And tender-hearted, true and brave along that pathway go,
God grant it may be so, dear lad, God grant it may be so!

E. C. PECHELL.

To the Manner Born.

"Chollie can't get over his old dry goods now that he's in real estate."

"What has he done now?"

"Sold a man a house the other day and asked him if he wanted it sent."

What Next?

Penelope—Men are so rude.

Jack—What's anybody been saying or doing to you now?

Penelope—A man gave me his seat on the car to-day and never thanked me for taking it.

GENTLEMAN JACK

AN IDYL OF FORTY WINKS.

By LADY DUFFUS HARDY

Author of "A Dangerous Experiment," Etc., Etc., Etc.

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LADY DUFFUS HARDY.

The November sun was setting in gorgeous splendor on the heights of the Sierras, filling the sky with flags of gold and crimson, melting and mingling with a mass of amethyst and green. Its level rays dazzled the eyes of one lone human atom in the shape of a man who was slowly making his way down the zigzag path that ran along the mountain side. There was no other sign of life anywhere to be seen. He and his hungry looking horse had been pushing on steadily all the day, trying to reach Forty Winks before nightfall. He gave up the hope of doing that now, as he came slowly and more slowly down. He watched the squirrels running up the fir trees, and the birds flying low with little terrified cries, fluttering to find shelter somewhere from the storm which, with more than human instinct, they knew was coming that way.

He reined up, as much to give his poor brute a rest as to gather his own thoughts, take a look around, and decide what he should do—whether he should try to find some nook or some hollow tree to shelter in till morning, or push on. The idea of spending the night in these desolate regions was not a pleasant one. He looked round upon the magnificent solitude, the shades of evening falling fast spread on all sides of him. Life fancied he might perhaps find in this stronghold of nature some feature, some voice to guide him. Before him stretched the Sierras, with their crown of eternal snow, rising peak upon peak till they seemed to prick the sky. The long range of foot-hills was clothed with dark fir and pine trees, that stood stiff and straight like an army of plumed warriors, with grounded arms, waiting till the tempest signalled them to storm the heights above. Nearer still the mountains rose up in huge battlemented walls, black with sombre woods and forests, scarred with gulch and canyon as by unknown ages of time. The grandeur of nature towering in eternal strength seemed to crush him with a sense of his own littleness, of the littleness of the whole race of man. It seemed as though the tiny breath of human life was a mere puff in this world of everlasting wonders.

The cringing wind was rushing down the mountains, blustering through gorge and canyon, howling in his ear to "hurry on or he would be seized in their windy arms and lost." He shivered and drew his wraps closer round him, and urged on his stumbling beast, encouraging it with cheering words which it understood well enough, for it put on a spurt and staggered its tottering limbs onward. He knew the mountain regions very well, though he had never been in these parts before, and he realized the dangers that encompassed him, and the idea of being lost in these wilds was terrible to contemplate.

The sky grew suddenly overcast; and clouds, heavy and gray, in leaden masses, gathered and floated where the sun had so lately set. Still in the dusky light that remained he could see the track, but he could see nothing else, knew nothing of where it led. He glanced anxiously round, and on turning a sudden curve he saw the glimmer of a light high up on the mountain side. It seemed not so very far away; but distances in these latitudes are so deceiving. Cautiously he made his way towards it; one moment he lost it, then again it came in sight. He had not gone very far when he received a sudden check; something, he could not see what, seemed to emerge out of the mist, and clung to his bridle and turned the horse aside. At the same moment he blessed God. He heard the sound of a human voice.

"In another minit you'd a bin down thar!" He sprang from his horse, flung the reins over his arm, and peered forward into the yawning gulf, with rugged sides and a rushing torrent sweeping among a mass of sharp-pointed boulders below. Truly in another moment he'd "a' bin thar," and most likely been stayed.

He was a brave man and would not have shirked a fair fight with man or beast—but from such a fate as this he had escaped—he shuddered and turned to thank the voice that had saved him. He could only distinguish the form, not the face, but he knew it was a woman. In a few brief forcible words he thanked her and explained that he had lost his way.

"Whar was you going to?" she asked with an informality natural to the occasion.

"Well," he answered, "I wanted to get on to 'Forty Winks'."

"Couldn't ha' fetched thar no ways to-night," replied the voice, "best come along o' me. I'll lead the hoss, you follier."

At the word she whipped the reins from his arm and went swiftly on, never hesitating for a moment, though the path seemed to him difficult and dangerous as he stumbled slowly over the stony way after her, wondering what a woman could be doing alone and at night in this desolation.

Up—up they climbed, till on turning a jutting point, they stood in the open doorway of a log-cabin. A fire of pine logs was burning on the hearth, illuminating the interior with its cheerful light. A rough pine table stood in the center, laid with preparations for supper for two. A savory mess was simmering on the fire. On one side was an old fashioned bureau, on the other a bunk covered with a patched counterpane—there was the remnant of a carpet on the floor, a comfortable looking easy chair stood by the fireside, and a few three-legged stools for general accommodation were scattered about.

"You'll hev to stay till mornin'," she said, jerking her head as though motioning him to enter. "Go in. I'll be back soon 'cz I've seen to the hoss." But he did not go in; he wouldn't leave his mare to anybody's care; he followed to a sort of outhouse or shed a few yards off and helped the girl to make the poor tired beast a bed of straw, and after giving her a warm bran-mash and seeing that her other wants were well supplied, they returned to the cabin, and then for the first time looked each other in the face.

He was not sure whether the small elfish creature was a child or a full-grown girl-woman. She was small and slight, with a head of flame-colored hair, a thick wiry mass that would not be coaxed to lie straight—it surrounded the small pale face like a halo; she had no features to speak of, a mere apology for a nose, and a rosy red innocent looking mouth; the face insignificant and characteless in itself, was lighted by a pair of large brilliant dark eyes, which took possession of the elfish face, and clothed it with their own beauty; they were full of the talent, power and strength of an undeveloped soul. He was a broad-shouldered, wide-chested man, with curly hair, a bearded face, and a pair of kind blue eyes. She thought he was goodly to look on.

"What's your name?" he asked courtly.

"John Foster," he answered promptly, "and yours?"

"Em," she replied, then added quickly, "but laws, you do look skeered!" Coming suddenly in out of the bitter cold into warmth and light, made him feel giddy, more especially as he was faint from hunger, having struggled through the day's exertions without eating.

"I'll gie ye a drop of father's stuff afore I go," she added, pouring out a glass of whisky, and thrust a lump of bread in his hand. "We'll hev supper when I come back."

"Then you don't live here alone," he said, momentarily refreshed.

"Me and father lives here," she answered gravely. "I was goin' to meet him when I come upon you." She threw a scarlet plaid shawl over her head, and was flying through the door, when he stopped her, saying:

"My dear child, surely you are not going out again on such a night as this! Can't your father come home alone?"

She pursed up her lips and shook her head shrewdly.

"I allus go to meet him coming up from the Gold Gulch—yer see," she added confidentially, "since he had the jumps last time and fell down the canyon, when his arm got friz and the doctor came from Frisco and cut it off, he ain't bin quite hisself and I'm afeard for him, for when he takes anythin' 'cep' water, and he don't take much o' that, it flies to his feet and he gets onsteady; that's why I go to fetch him through the crkardest part o' the way. He realized the position at once, and felt a pang of pity for the forlorn young thing.

"You're too young for this sort of work," he said. "Why, how old are you?"

"Oh, I dunno," she answered, "but I must be ever so old, for I remember the snow comin' and goin' for years and years. Hark! there's father whistlin'." She flew out at the door, and he watched her fluttering along the dark stony path as long as he could see; then, still with a dazed feeling clinging about his brain, he sat down to watch and wait, wondering what sort of a welcome he should receive from the "onsteady one." Whilst sitting silently there he was startled by an unearthly shriek of fiendish glee, and a voice screamed at him "Good-bye! ain't you going away? Glancing through the open door of the adjoining room was a gray parrot, who screamed with delight at the momentary mystification of the stranger.

Em and her father duly returned. He was a stumpy man with a shrewd face and cunning gray eyes; his hair stood up like the bristles of a well worn scrubbing brush, and he had a stubby beard to match. Em had evidently explained matters, for he doffed his head in recognition of the stranger as he lurched into the room, which salutation John Foster acknowledged by gripping the grimy hand, and explaining how he had been lost but for Em's assistance. Mr. Birch, or "Joey," as he was commonly called, cast a suspicious glance at his visitor, saying:

"Things is rather rough up 'yar—we ain't used to hevin' much company."

"He isn't company, father. I brought him up 'cos he'd lost his way. I telled yer that afore," said Em, rather reproachfully.

"I'rape he'll be findin' of it to morrer," said Joey, shaking his stubby head relatively; perplexed between his desire to be hospitable and anxiety to be rid of his enforced guest—addled, though each spoke on the Wink.

"That's where I'm bound," replied John Foster. "Suppose you know the place? Is there much going on there?"

"Depends on what yer call much—if a diggin' and a-diggin' and finding nuthin', or just a scrapin' enough together ter feed a dead donkey—and yer call that much—there's plenty goin' on."

"Other folks finds gold, though father don't," explained Em, "'cos he will stick to the old claim when everything's bin took out of it."

"Gells don't understand things—they can't be expected to," said Joey, jerking his head as though to close the subject.

While Em was busy getting the supper ready, Joey proceeded to enlighten John Foster's mind in reference to affairs at Forty Winks and explained why it was so called.

"The man ez first prospected in these parts made out thar wuz gold thar—and he worked 'em, and he found it. Night an' day he worked kin his sleep by instalments, forty winks at a time—he never took a night's rest reg'lar as men do—leastways they're tired and worn out, never no more 'n forty winks, and them he was fond of indulgin' in. Well, one night he took 'em too strong—his skin wus too full o' whisky, for he fell down in the hollow, makin' his pickaxe into a pillow an' coverin' himself with his shovel, and hevin' made himself comfortable he's lain' 'em still—like a stone wall down, and many days afterwards there wuz found a human stalactite in the shape of a man covered w' snow and ice—that wur him! He'd winked hisself out o' the world—an' the place hez bin called Forty Winks ever since. It's well peopulated now, there's bars thar, and dancin' and singin' and keerds too—poker's a fine game for them ez likes to take a hand," he added suggestively, glancing furtively at Em, who stood behind shaking her head violently.

"We don't hev no pokerin' here, father," she said; "besides, supper's ready now—all pipin' hot."

Their voracious appetites soon demolished all that was set on the table. Em cleared away, and then set out a black bottle with its accompaniments.

"I'm going to bed now, father," she said, as she buried her fair young face in his stubby beard and hugged him like a young bear, and then disappeared.

John Foster made some appreciative remark about Em, said what a wonderful little woman she was, and then he said sympathetically of her lonely position, and inquired, "Was it long since she had lost her mother?" On this Joey first piped up.

"Now, look yar, we don't hev people pryin' around arkiing questions about gells' mothers ez family affairs generally. When they do interfere that way they're apt ter get shot."

John Foster had no idea that Em's mother was a sore point with Mr. Birch, and apologized for his unlikely observation, which so mollified his host that he set down his empty glass upon the table and shunted the conversation. Pointing to the bunk, he said:

"You kin turn in thar. I shall lie down an' sleep afore the fire. I like it better'n a bed." He wrapped a rug round his form and commenced snoring loud enough to blow the roof off the cabin.

When they opened the door in the morning the ground was covered with snow. It had fallen noiselessly all the night and spread its white mantle everywhere, clothing the tall trees with a fairy fret work of ice and snow—the noisy voice of the river below was smothered in its frosty embrace. The strong mountain stream came creeping slowly and more slowly by dam; most humanlike, it fretted and fretted, till scarcely a trickle stirred beneath its snowy shroud, and it lay stiff and dead.

The sun blazed down upon the wintry scene, and as by magic the snow and ice became transfigured into a wealth of dazzling gems, a world of diamonds sparkling in the sun's rays—the deceitful thaw filled the world with light, but sent not a ray of warmth to Nature's shivering heart. On first looking out from the cabin door, they saw there would be no journeying down to Forty Winks that day, nor for many days to come, unless there was a great change; but there was no fear of starvation, the cabin was well provisioned for such an emergency, and there was plenty of work to do; Joey was busy getting his animals in from the snowy heights above, fetching and chopping wood, varying his employment by occasional applications to the black bottle; a proceeding which Em tried to screen from John Foster's eyes.

"See how clever father is! he kin do as much work with his hook as many can do with their right hand."

Admiration for this parental prodigy was little Em's weakness; she was never tired of expatiating upon his invisible virtue, of which no one but herself got the faintest glimmer. She regarded him always through the magnifying power of her own strong affections. Her loving devotion to this rugged old father was beautiful to see—she was quite unconscious of her own self-sacrifice and fancied she took everything from him, never realizing how much she guided and cared for him, instead of his guiding and caring for her. John Foster and Em got on terms of mutual confidence. She told him all there was to tell of her lonely young life, and became inquisitorial on the subject of his. She scouted the idea of dullness.

"I couldn't be dull when father's at home," she said simply, "and when he's away I've got to think of fetchin' him home at night—and—ah, there's heaps o' things to do aim when I see. The squirrels and the birds swoop down here to be fed; then there's the train—it comes every evening over the ridge there. It's miles away, but I kin see the smoke, and at dark it looks like a fiery serpent creepin' along the mountain side. It's quite lively up here when you're used to it." As she pointed over the hills he noticed what a well shaped hand she had, and taking that grimy member in his, he said:

"What pretty hands you've got, Em! It is a pity you don't keep then clean." She seemed struck by the novel idea.

"Father likes dirty hands, so does Dave; they call white hands 'finnicky,' and I don't want to be finnicky."

"Who is Dave?" asked John.

"Oh, he's one of the boys," she answered, "him that gave me the parrot, and this warm shawl he brought me the last time he went to Frisco." John Foster became immediately interested in Dave.

In the course of a few days, though mountain gulch and canyon were still covered with snow, the weather was sufficiently propitious for them to start on their journey.

Forty Winks was quite a place—a city they called it—there were a few score of huts occupied by sturdy miners of all sorts and degrees, all eager in their search for gold. They had scarred the mountain sides with pick and shovel; some confined their attention to the earth's surface, others dug down far below it. All worked hard—no idlers. In the evenings they gathered some at one bar, some at another, each amused himself after his own fashion—drinking and gambling mostly.

There were a few ladies at the Winks, but not such as were desirable companions for little Em. The Winks itself acknowledged that Em and actually put its foot down against any intimacy between the little mountain girl and the ladies who congregated there; of course, they were very delightful in their way, which was not exactly the way which youth and innocence should tread. When Em did pay a visit to Forty Winks she was as carefully guarded as though a mitred father or a hundred mothers held her in their midst—her own half imbecile, sottish old father did not count for much. Sometimes she saw a wistful glance at the gaily dressed ladies of the Winks, and wished she "was them," but when Dave said she was "worth fifty of 'em cut up into innocence, fine clothes and all," she was satisfied, and the wish died stillborn.

Society, so called, was decidedly mixed there, as it is more civilized in other lands, and there was no visible line drawn. Every man was a man so long as he worked and was honest—sometimes when he wasn't! Like drifted to like, and though each spoke on the Wink, "he's well met," with the other, yet there was a subtle difference in the "hail fellowship," tangible to feeling, not to sight.

The new arrival, under the auspices of Joey Birch, met with a cordial welcome; they made no inquiries as to his object in coming there; it was not considered polite to question strangers; they had an etiquette of their own, and kept strictly within its lines. Hospitality was the rule; the stranger was received with rough though gen'al courtesy. Nobody asked whence he had come nor whither he was going—he might pass on if he pleased; if he stayed he must work with the rest; no loafing was allowed. John Fos er before many days was a favorite with everyone—there was no mystery about him, nothing to hide—he told the fact freely "he had come for money-making," and for nothing else. His straightforward manner pleased, and everybody was willing to give him all the information they had to give. Though his ways were not their ways, his thoughts their thoughts, their daily life was mingled with and he made friends of them. He did not swear; he did not drink much; but he was always ready to stand drinks all round, to sing a song, or take a hand at cards; he was a genial good fellow, and they called him "Gentleman Jack."

There was only one man who looked on him askant, and that was the man in whom he felt most deeply interested, Dave Engleby. The fact is, the green-eyed monster had fixed his talons in this young fellow's heart. Why was this newcomer always with Joey and Em? Of course everybody knew of the manner of John Foster's first arrival, and of the return those few days in Joey's cabin. But there, according to Dave's idea, ought to have been an end of it; instead of which this "Gentleman Jack" seemed to be, in their vernacular, "sticking on," which was playing it rather low on the rest of the community. Once, and in only time, when Em came down to the Winks, the obnoxious person was with her and her father all the day. Instead of taking their refreshment at the bar as usual, they did—where everybody gathered to give greeting, or catch a word or smile from the rosy lips of the mountain girl, who came among them so seldom that when she did she came like some sweet harmony falling upon the discords of their rough daily life—the trio went up into the pine woods, and had a picnic all by themselves. Such unsociability was unheard of.

Then John Foster walked by her side in the face of the whole city, Joey shambling along behind them, John carrying her basket, laughing and talking as though there was nobody in the wide world except themselves. Dave was much disgusted, too, that Em should get so intimate terms with a stranger. She was the only bit of pure womanhood they had at Forty Winks. Dave had watched her from a child, had watched her grow up from a little toddling thing, and every man among them felt he had a part in her well being. "What right had a stranger to cut in, anyway?"—nobody knew what he meant by it. This was the argument Dave used to himself. Others felt much the same way, only less strongly, being not so personally concerned in the matter. So Dave glowered at them, and ate his heart out with jealous rage. Em, casting shy glances through her long dark lashes, knew there was something wrong, but could not tell what.

Towards evening Dave watched the trio winding their way over the hills towards Joey's cabin, and when Gentleman Jack did not return till morning, he fancied things were going too far; something must be done.

That evening, as John Foster sat at his cabin smoking his pipe and watching the sunset—perhaps thinking of another such sunset a long time ago, and far away from there, Dave sauntered up to him. He was too much in earnest to use preliminary phrases, and social tactics were unknown to him; he went straight to the point. He leaned his back against an upright, and with one hand ominously in his trowsers pocket, he said, with slow deliberation:

"You're a stranger here and ain't used to our ways quite; some think you're hangin' around too much for Em's good." He lifted his head in the direction they both knew of. "No, don't blaze up, there's plenty of time for that sort of thing. Now you're a gentleman, but that don't count for much here, and we don't have any man playin', and just amusin' himself with our Em. She's growed up among us, and is as pure and as good as an angel!"

John rose, laid down his pipe, and his hands went where hands generally go when men mean business.

"So you've been watching, have you?" he said. "Do you suppose I shall allow you or any man to dictate my movements—where I shall go or what I shall do?"

"I don't care a cuss where you go or what you do, so long as it's all fair and square up yonder, though I'll tell you, mebbe, you'll try to hinder you. The thing we want to know is, what you mean to do about it? There ain't a man here but 'ud give a drop of his heart's blood for she is pure as the drain mine dry sooner 'n she should come to any harm."

At first John was irritated by Dave's tone and manner, but he was quick to recognize the state of the case. He saw exactly what Dave was feeling. He was sorry for him—he had been there himself. Instead of answering, as for the moment he was tempted to do, with rough words which might combine with rougher actions, he said quietly:

"Here's a storm in a teacup, Dave! It is a pity for men like us to quarrel in such a matter, especially as there's nothing in it. There is no use in mincing matters, you regard me as a possible rival in the affections of the dear little girl up there. Well, she has won a warm place in my heart, but not the place you think. The child is, as you say, pure as an angel. The fellow would deserve to be shot who didn't realize that, and respect her, as I do. I love Em as a sister, Dave—just as a sister here!" He took from his breast pocket a morocco case, and showed him the face of a woman, young and fair to see. His own eyes softened as they rested on the picture. "I do it for her sake I am here," he added. "Things in the old country are pretty well played out, and I have come out here to make my pile, I hope, and go home and claim her."

Dave understood now. The cloud passed from his mind, the heavens cleared, and the sun of his jealousy was eclipsed. He grasped John's hand, too much overcome to speak. Words do not come easily to such as he. But few more words were passed between them, and those few knotted the bonds of friendship closer. A moment before they parted Dave said, rather sheepishly:

"You see, Mr. Foster, gals is fanciful, and ef you wouldn't mind not bein' in Em's way so much—you're a likelier man than I am—"

"You foolish fellow!" said John, giving him a hearty thwack on the back. "No fear of the little girl falling to my gun. I'll tell you a secret—she's been shot through the heart already—go and ask her who the man is. Certainly it is not I."

Dave was one of the happiest men in Forty Winks that night.

That evening Joey came down to the bar in rollicking good spirits. He talked, drank and played cards more devoutly than ever. It was much later than usual when he started on his homeward way; the night was misty and dark—there was only a baby moon which gave no light, so to speak, to guide the poor one. Dave would most likely have accompanied the old man part of the way had he been there; but he did not come up at the bar that night; he was too happy to mix with his fellowmen—his dingy cabin was illuminated by the light of his own soul, he stayed at home to look forward, to dream, and hug his newborn hopes at his own fireside.

As the hours wore on, darker and darker grew the night; silence unbroken brooded everywhere. Those who knew these latitudes knew that a storm was brewing. And soon, indeed, there was a muttering in the distant heaven like stifled thunder far off; and down from the mountains the howling tempest swept in all its fury, tore and tangled the tall tree tops, stripped off their mossy robes, bent and broke their gigantic limbs and crippled their strength, till they groaned and fell prostrate in their last death struggle with the angry elements.

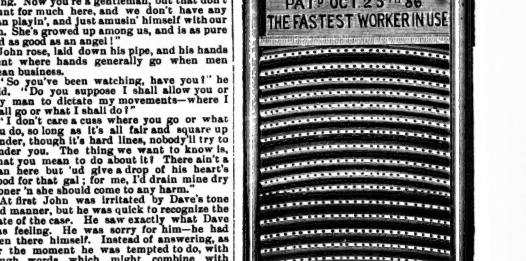
Forty Winks was buried in silence so far as humanity was concerned. Everybody hurried to their homes and barricaded themselves therein—sometimes the storm swept all before it—men barely escaping with life, not always with that. The storm passed as suddenly and quietly as it came, and people began to wonder how it had fared with Joey; they fancied he had time to get home before it came. Joey had started in exuberant spirits, his skin full of whisky, his pocket full of his winnings. He scrambled along among the foot-hills, crept close to the ground, groping along among the brushwood, or crawling under the shadows of the tall trees. As he buffeted his way along he thought sadly of his home, not leaving the struggle home alone on such a night as this! It never struck him that what was bad for him was worse for her; custom had made him selfish. Em had faced and kept him from so many dangers; he missed her sorely now, and grew quite angry as he butted his way along. Sometimes he shouted her name, but the wind smothered the sound of his voice.

When he reached home the day was breaking; the cabin door was open; a few embers were smouldering on the hearth, but the cabin was empty, no one was there!

That evening, while the *habitues* of the bar were gathered round the fire talking and drinking, a man burst into their midst whom they hardly recognized as Joey; he looked so haggard, his face was livid, his eyes bloodshot.

"Where's my Em?" he exclaimed, glaring round; "tell me, give her back, or I'll hev somebody's heart's blood—you think I'm a donnert old cripple; but I can fight for my gal—I can, I can!" He looked wildly round—their silent astonished faces had a calming effect on him—he wandered into a rambling account of his empty cabin—no Em anywhere! They heard, and understood. They wasted no

THE BEST



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times in words. He had evidently started to meet her father, and got lost in the storm. They organized themselves into search parties, and went out to find her. It is no easy task to conduct a search among the snowy mountains. The yawning chasms and steep wide canyons might hide an army in their frozen embrace, and the search for the lost girl was full of difficulty.

Through the long night they searched in vain, but in the gray dawn of morning they came upon a drift outlining a human figure. Reverently they released it from its icy bonds. There, indeed, was little Em, her shawl drawn over her head, her frozen eyes fixed with the last light of filial devotion, looking upwards as though to watch her own soul on its flight. She had missed her earthly parent—but her Heavenly Father had reached down and taken his tired child home.

THE END.

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An Experiment in Magic.

"If I were in your place, I would not go," advised a friend to whom I had announced my intention of visiting Mme. de Strang, a fortune teller whose strangely worded advertisement had roused my curiosity.

"And why not?" I asked.

"Because," he returned, thoughtfully, "from what I have heard about her, I am sure that her exhibitions and so-called revelations are simply the results of skilful legerdemain designed to appeal to the superstitious in our natures. We all are sufficiently superstitious, why should we seek to be more so?

I laughed. "Johnson," I said, "do I look like a superstitious man?"

"You are enough so to want to attend one of this woman's *seances*, or whatever she calls them. I have not the least interest in her."

"No, you are so superstitious that you are afraid to go," I replied, jestingly.

I set out that bright afternoon alone. The address I had written down led me to a tall, red-fronted brick building, in a squalid street in the northern part of the city. The locality was anything but inviting. I went up the steps to the stoop and pulled at the bell. I listened for a ring but no sound came from within. The door opened suddenly, and a little, brown-faced man with repulsive features and a head shaped like a key-stone, stood bowing in the dark hall. He motioned me in impatiently to enter, saying, in broken English:

"You must not stand there, the door will close."

I stepped inside and the door instantly shut without a particle of sound, making the hall so dark that I could not see an inch before my eyes. It was as silent as a grave, not a sound came in from the street, which was roaring with traffic and vehicles.

"Well!" said the man, half interrogatively, and from his voice I knew he was near me.

I replied that I had come to consult Mme. de Strang.

"You cannot see her now," he replied in a very low tone; "she is busy."

"I will go then and come back again," I said, conscious of a certain feeling of relief, and a desire to reach the light. To my surprise he did not reply. I waited a moment, and, stepping backward, put out my hand to the door. A cold thrill of horror quivered over me. There was no knob, latch, or key-hole, and I felt the soft padding into which the door closed to keep out sound. I heard him laugh softly.

"The door can not be unlocked here," he said, and I could see his eyes in the darkness, like coals of fire; "madame opens and closes it by electricity in her apartment. You will have to wait—it is the rule."

I started to protest, but he went away. I could hear his hand sliding against the wall far down the long hall. I felt a settee behind me, and sank into it, ashamed of a sickening weakness that was stealing over me. I was alone several minutes. Presently I heard his voice. He was leading some one toward the door—some one who was walking unsteadily and leaned against the wall once or twice.

"Wait!" the attendant said, peremptorily, and my blood turned cold as I heard quick, heavy breathing from the other as he passed me. The door, as if of its own accord, opened. A blast of yellow light and sound entered. I caught sight of the young man's face; it was as white as a corpse. I sprang to my feet to follow him, but the door closed in my face. Dead silence again, darkness that could be felt.

"I will return for you in a moment," said the unseen attendant indifferently, and again he went from me, trailing his hand in that ghostly way along the wall. Then I essayed to fight down my fears. I tried to convince myself that the pallor and apparent weakness of the young man who had passed me were designed to frighten and unfit me for the forthcoming interview. I laughed, but it only intensified my terror. Have you ever been where dead silence and awful darkness made occasional sound terrifying? I quaked to the core of my soul at the echoing of my ghastly laugh. It seemed to go up, to come down, to traverse the long hall and bound from side to side, growing weaker and weaker. It seemed to be my own soul trying to desert me in this horrible darkness, trying to leave my material self in its hunger for light and freedom.

I sprang toward the attendant when I heard him returning. I wanted to take him in my terrified embrace, and plead with him to open the door, but my pride prevented it. He led me down the black hall into a still darker apartment, the carpet of which felt as soft and uncertain under my feet as a pillow of down, and gently pushed me into a chair with his hands on my shoulders. Then, with his lips to my ear, he whispered:

"Sit perfectly still; do not stir under any circumstances till madame speaks to you, and keep your eyes in front of you, for it is there you will see her."

I heard him leaving. Again that weird trailing of his hand along the wall till the sound died out. Then out of the curtain of darkness before my eyes sprang what appeared to be a dazzling star. It was no larger than a penny, but its brilliancy pained my eyes like looking at the sun. I looked down and saw that it had cast a round, bright spot about six inches in diameter on the black carpet, about a yard from my feet. I could not take my eyes from it. It fascinated me for several minutes; then every particle of blood in my veins ceased to flow, for I discovered that it was slowly moving toward me. I tried to rise, to scream, but was powerless. It reached my feet and slowly climbed my legs and then my body. When it was traversing my breast I felt as if its weight would crush me to death. Presently it covered my face. I was blinded for an instant, then sprang to my feet. As I did so it fell and ran in a wavering way across the floor and vanished.

"Be still!" a musical voice cautioned. I looked in front of me. The darkness was beginning to grow lighter, as a dark night at the approach of dawn. At first it was gray, then it took on a reddish tinge veiled with a mist of gold. The effect was strangely soothing. I almost forgot my terror in the pleasurable sensation of wonder that came over me. The scene was constantly changing. Out of the pink-and-golden glory came the most beautiful creature I had ever seen. She was reclining on a couch as if asleep. I was in total darkness; there was no light save a rose-halo that surrounded her. She opened the most wondrous eyes I had ever seen, and smiled.

"You desired to consult me?" she half-questioned.

I could not speak.

"Never mind," she said; "you are excited. They all are—it is not natural."

She raised her shapely bare arm and made a graceful gesture, and, at that moment, I heard sweet music as delicate as that of an Æolian harp. So soft and low it was it, that if the place had not been as still as a tomb, it would not have reached my ears.

"I can show you two things only about your physical being—with the spiritual I have nothing to do," she continued, in tones that blended sympathetically with the music. "If you desire, I can show you some one—only one—of your ancestors as they appeared a century or more ago. I can also cause you to see your self in the future. I can not say under what conditions, for I know nothing till the picture appears. Some see themselves in old age, alive and happy; others are present at their own funerals. In the latter contingency, you would see yourself surrounded by those who will be with you at death. You must be your own judge as to whether you see these things. I examined your face before I admitted you; I judge that you are mentally and physically able to witness all I may show you; indeed, you are much calmer now than a few moments since."

I tried to smile, but my face felt hard and stiff. "Yes," I said, and my voice sounded so harsh and guttural in the musical atmosphere that I did not finish what I had started to say.

"I understand," she said; "well, look to your right."

I turned in the direction her eyes had taken, and she went on:

"There appears to be a curtain there, but it is only darkness; in a moment it will be gone."

I watched the gradual merging of darkness into light, and when the pink-and-golden haze had vanished, I saw an old, old-fashioned room, having a wide fireplace, polished floor, and antiquated furniture. I could even see the sunlight as it entered a small-paned window and lay diagonally on the floor, and through an open door I caught a glimpse of a flower garden, a grassy lawn dotted with fruit trees and grape arbors. Up a long walk an old man was approaching. He wore a three-cornered hat, knickerbockers, low shoes with silver buckles and a blue coat decorated with lace. He entered the door as silently as thought, and sat down at the window in the sunlight, wiping his heated brow with a handkerchief. He looked like a picture of my great-grandfather, which I remembered having seen when I was a child.

"You may not be able to note it," went on the beautiful woman, "but there is a marked resemblance between yourself and this man. Note the shape of his brow, his hands, the color of his eyes, his posture."

I gazed so steadily that a mist seemed to fall before my sight. The sunlight left the window; a cloud seemed to have swept over the garden, that I could still see through the door; the scene grew gray and then was swallowed up by the darkness that streamed into it. The rose light drew my eyes for relief to the woman on the couch.

"That is all I can show you of the past," she said, sweetly; "but if you will look back again, you will see something of your future. Remember, however, that you must be courageous. As the two most important events in life are marriage and death, you will be apt to see something of one or the other as regards your own future."

I could not follow her eyes as I had before. I felt faint with horror. The dense blackness behind me seemed to stretch out a myriad of impalpable arms to draw me into its horrible embrace. Instinctively I shrank toward the woman. I wanted her to stop the strange spell, but she did not look at me, and began to smile placidly.

"You are afraid," she murmured, dreamily; "why need you fear? Would it make death more sure to know when and how you will be buried? Would you object to see your marriage ceremony? Women never hesitate—they ask me to hasten. Look!"

I could not obey. I tried to read her face. I half fancied that it grew grave as I felt the blackness behind me dissolving.

"Look, the picture is dawning!" she exclaimed under her breath. All her white robes were focused on the scene; "oh, you must see it!" she urged, and her eyes shone with supernatural brightness, her cheeks had deepened, her red lips parted, and her white teeth reflected the rose light like diamonds. I could not turn; I feared that I was going mad; my frightened soul seemed to be pounding in my brain to escape from its material prison. The music sounded as if it were floating miles away in space and tossed hither and thither by winds. My heart was still. I wondered if I could live through the agony I was suffering. The music died out. I lunged for sound, for cause; it was the slow tolling of a church bell. Each stroke fell like a sledge-hammer on my heart, and between each stroke there was an age of torture.

"You had better look," said the woman; "it is not so very bad, you will see. I would not have you go away in your present mental condition. After all, to die is but the end of earthly life. Look!"

I felt some one turn me forcibly around. A wide landscape was before my eyes, and oh, how beautiful! Hills and mountains rose in the distance; sunshine fell over it all. Near by stood a great church of gray stone. I could see the massive bell swing to and fro through the lattice of the steeple. A vast crowd was going into the wide door. Carriages and horses dotted the road that led away toward a river in the distance; a hearse, black as ebony, with the horses of which adorned with nodding curveting impatiently. Six gray-headed men took out the casket and began to bear it toward the church, and the organ which connected to play doleful music. An old man had the faces of young men I knew—faces altered by age. As they began to ascend the church steps, I saw the white face of the corpse through the uncovered, flower-strewn glass.

It was my own, but wrinkled with old age and crowned with hair as white as snow. A snow-white beard lay upon my breast.

"Do not be grieved," said the fortune-teller; "yours is the funeral of a very old man. See the date on the tombstone under the spire of the church-yard."

I looked and saw a white slab near an open grave, and on it was engraved my name and "Died April the First, 1945."

The organ strains died as if the instrument were borne away. The whole became a glorious sunset view. I looked at the rose light; it was fading. I could see only a shadowy outline of the beautiful woman. Presently I was alone in total darkness. I felt some one groping my way toward the hall. The door opened and I walked slowly out into the blinding sunlight and the deafening roar of the streets.

WILL M. HABEN.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—Correspondence Columns SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

Correspondents desiring graphological studies are requested to observe the following rules: 1. Quotations are not studied. 2. Postal cards are not studied. 3. Small clippings from letters are not studied. 4. Only one enclosure can be sent us with each letter. 5. Letters are answered as nearly as possible in their turn. By noticing and adhering to these rules editor and correspondents will be saved a great deal of trouble.

MINERVA.—Quotation is from Goldsmith's Hermit.

JOSEPHINE, SORROW, POLLY B.—Space is all ahead of column.

BRIGHT SHARE.—You are hopeful, kind, matter of fact and very prone to keep your thoughts to yourself. You can enjoy a joke and wonderful be in great if it was on yourself. Your study is so very meagre that I can do but little with it.

MAJOR.—Writing shows a firm, rather arbitrary and harsh character, persevering, careful and deliberate. The writer is not given to sudden impulse nor careless speech, and lacks sympathy and cordiality; is honest and conscientious, but a little prone to see things as suits herself.

DEBIS.—Writing shows good nature, perseverance, originality, not much conduct with tact, but easy to get on with, and probably much esteemed. You are truthful and plain spoken, more just than generous, a little severe on those who do wrong, and rather proud of your own rectitude.

SAIR.—Poetry is not paid for. Am glad your graphological study was successful. Was afraid I might have given you a little dig, but as you forgive me I feel quite at ease about it. I did not mean to hurt your feelings, the misprint occurred, but noticed it wit's regret. I know how provoking such mistakes are.

PEGGY.—Writing shows some ideality and nervous force, a good deal of ambition, rather a lively fancy and a trick of exaggeration, but you are not untruthful nor prone to deceive, rather honest, though not entirely free from guile, you have a dash of temper and a little perversity. 2. The will be with you, Imperial Bank Buildings would be what you require, I fancy.

DAISY.—Writing shows great tenacity and determination. You like your own way and you get it pretty often. I am not quite sure if always by fair and square means. You are strong in your likes and dislikes, a little prejudiced but loyal to those you love. Your disposition is generally not buoyant, but rather apt to look on the dark side. You are a little fickle in your tastes and frank in your speech.

BUNDLE.—Here is a correspondent who writes a few lines in a good hand for delineation, saying he or she likes parts of the SATURDAY NIGHT, and hopes for an answer as soon as possible. To what? The partial good opinion, as Bundle hasn't said he or she wishes the writing studied. I shall not take the liberty of meddling with it until I hear again, which I trust will be soon if a delineation is required.

OPAL.—Unless he is an intimate friend he would probably offend the lady by doing so. Sincere regret politely expressed are all a stranger can offer. Writing shows some initiative power, some generosity, rather a cheerful and fun-loving nature, with plenty of energy, some caution, some perseverance and a great fondness for society. I think you would make a good friend and not a dangerous enemy.

M. M. E. C.—Writing shows great imagination and energy. The impulse is noble, but the motive good, fondness for fun and love of conversation, some sympathy, tact and kindness, rather a large view and disposition to theorize, and not the necessary steadiness to always carry through your ideas. I think your energies are sometimes wasted on fruitless efforts. You have a quaint and original streak in you which might develop into several nice things.

M. F.—I have not noticed any advertisement in this paper in connection with graphology. Your writing shows lack of hope, strong self-esteem, generosity unchecked by judgment. I have no doubt you will cure a good deal for friends who are not worthy of your affection. You are independent and original in your methods and apt to dismiss in an off hand way some of the obligations you should consider. I think you are a trifle hard to please and also a little fickle.

DONNA.—Your funny little rythmical request for a study made me laugh. It came on a day when I wasn't laughing and did me lots of good. Writing shows many of the same traits as M. M. E. C., but is more practical and less inclined to fall into the error of over-trustfulness, either in your own schemes or those of others. And you have more perseverance and staying ability and would be more likely to gain a satisfactory conclusion. You have also your impulses and better controlled and regular and less fun of fun. I think you are a trifle hard to please and also a little fickle.

ADINE.—1. Your writing shows generosity, ideality, gentleness, truth, you are careless in small matters and not very business-like. You are a little fond of having your own way and are a wee bit jealous where you love, but people who love as well as you are capable of doing nearly always are. 2 Your writing is delightfully free from rather studied. It looks determination, energy and originality. 3 For summer wear, pearl grey, or so called drab grey, white and pale brown with that rare colored hair fallal colors are best as they show it off. 4 Am sorry your answer came so late, but you must wait your turn.

EUPHEMIST.—Writing shows great tenacity and decision of purpose. Some hope, fondness of talking, love of method and management. I fancy you are a little disposed to look well after number One, of whom you have a pretty good opinion. I don't think you are a joke quickly nor enjoy it as it deserves. A canny, calculating character of fact, well-balanced, and probably strictly honorable character, who would be just but rarely generous. I don't wish you success, because you're pretty sure to attain it. 2. And I write altogether insufficient study, one cannot give a graphological study from scraps of letters.

ORESSA.—1 Writing shows rather a peculiar disposition, a little too sensitive and prone to depend on opinion of others, yet with correct judgment, love of fun, feeling and sense, not chary of it's, but while doing kind things, saying sharp words. You need to cultivate seriously the quaintness I have noticed and rely upon yourself and don't pay too much attention to outside opinion. Trust and be as paying too little. 2 Certainly not, unless under very exceptional circumstances. 3. Such a privilege is rarely granted among the better class of people, unless after a very long intimacy. It is both ill-bred and undignified on both sides and not at all necessary.

CYNTHIA.—Writing shows want of perseverance and application, some exaggeration, lack of hope and patience, some energy, but undirected by judgment. You are not orderly nor systematic, and your writing is aggravating. I don't in the least wonder that you are perplexed about your future. I should be, in your place, but the question you had better do is to write to a newspaper to ask if you are likely to marry. I suppose you will say you are once more getting snubbed. Well, Cynthia, what else can you do with a woman like you? You say you don't write well, and as you are undecided about it doesn't matter. I don't want to know about being married. Why should it matter if getting old is an excuse for not getting on? You may just as well remain single. You say you don't like to think of a lot of questions to ask me. Thank goo lness your thoughts did not come. You are the kind of correspondent who makes graphology a pain and a penance.

S. F. J.—The characteristics you mention are not in your caline. 2. The slippers would be very suitable. Can you design and work monogram on them? 3. I have purposely given several ideas for entertaining people in small places in the last few numbers. Hope some one of them may suit case. You can have various competitions with small prize for best or worst sentences, for instance take half a dozen incongruous words, nouns, verbs and adjectives and let the guests write a sensible sentence which shall contain them all. The best sentence wins the prize. Or take the worst forty pieces. If your guests are sufficiently cultured make them write their sentence in French or German. I dislike exceedingly those games which huddle the guests into the hall and occasion any discomfort and confusion. 4 Study was quite too small. Sorry to refuse you a study. Let me hear again if your party has come off and tell me for what number you would have to provide.

WOULD BE FRIEND, Seaforth.—I Thanks for your nice little letter. I am truly sorry to have had no space to answer it more promptly. You don't ask for a graphological study, but I presume you wish one, as you tell me not to mention my nonsense. 2 Your writing shows impulse and intuition, sympathy and honesty, originality and self-reliance. I think you are fond of society and that society would be fond of you, though you would sometimes tread on society's corns, even when you knew they were tender; abundant vitality, perhaps rather some self will, you are probably easily pleased in your surroundings and fond of fun at home or abroad. 3. Lady Day desires her best thanks for your and your sisters' kind appreciation, and hopes you will let us hear from you soon again. She was truly amused at her "Jack Tar." 4. I know the lady you mention, she struck me as being clever, and she has had a wide and varied experience of men, women and things. As I have not studied her style, and rarely see her writings, I am not able to tell you whether your opinions of her would agree with my own. Her nationality would explain the trait you mention.

A. I. at L'oyd's. That's what they say about a seaworthy ship. A. I.—In the affections of the women of Canada. That's what can be said of Lessive Phœnix, of course, you don't use the old washing powders now. That might have been excusable before you knew of Lessive Phœnix. What a wonderful thing that Lessive Phœnix is! Cleans anything and everything. Cleans your clothes, cleans your silverware, and cleans your tin or zinc, or wooden or glass or earthenware. And so easy to use! Makes the hands soft. Ask your grocer.

Misunderstood.

Herr Dautcher—Waiter! Champagne und glasses!

Waiter—Dry, sir!

Herr Dautcher—Nein! Zwei, you blag rascal! You needn't think you in it vas I, Donnerwetter!

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It relieves the prostration and nervous derangement.

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Her Sister's Steady (playing the agreeable)—I am told that your cat has added her quota to the feline race, Mabel. How is it?

Little Mabel—No; she hasn't, either; but she's got kittens. She hasn't put eyes in them yet, but she will just as soon as she gets well.

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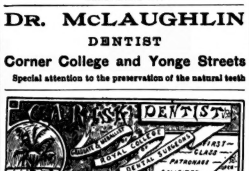

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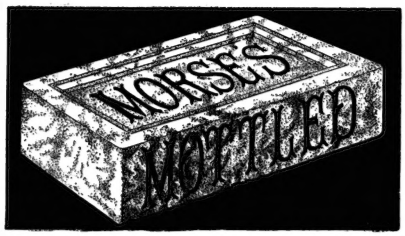

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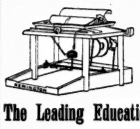

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Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE LAKE.

Following closely upon the opening of the Queen's Royal and Chautauqua hotels came the first gay event of the season—a very enjoyable and successful festival, held in the grounds of the Queen's under the management of the Ladies' Aid of St. Andrew's church. Just above the tennis courts and on the level sward facing the lake, gaily decorated booths were dotted here and there among the wide-spreading trees, and fair, merry faces looked bewitchingly over the tables laden with their dainty wares and tempting delicacies. The flower table, standing in the center of the lawn, was particularly pretty. Artistic hands had perfected the effect of the rich profusion of beautiful blossoms which loaded the table, by twining wreaths of roses and marguerites and festooning them from the over-hanging boughs of the tree under which the booth stood. Wreaths also encircled the lower branches, giving it the appearance of a veritable bower of blossoms, from which three or four fresh young faces looked charmingly out. Not many attended during the afternoon, but towards evening and later when lighted Chinese lanterns glimmered from every tree, the scene presented a very gay and animated appearance, and the fair waitresses found their duties anything but light. Among those present I noticed: Dr. J. Baldwin, Mrs. H. Garrett, Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Macdougall, the Misses Paffard, Mr. W. and the Misses Geale, Mr. T. and Miss Daisy Ince, Miss M. Morrison, Mr. J. and Miss Lewis, Mr. L. Nelles, Mr. Percy Ball, Miss A. Anderson, Miss Winnie Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. Blake, Miss and Miss A. Blake, Mrs. C. Camidge, Mr. Albert Sawin, Mrs. Robert Ball, Mr. Gurney, the Misses Winnett, Miss and Miss A. Baldwin, Miss Youell of Aylmer, Mr. G. Shaw, Mrs. Bartlett, Miss Griffith, Miss L. Purkis, Rev. N. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hunter.

Mr. Morgan Baldwin and family have returned to their cottage, Delatre Lodge, for the summer months. Miss Youell of Aylmer and Mr. G. Shaw of Toronto are at present stopping with them.

Mrs. D'Arcy Boulton and her daughters will occupy Mr. D. B. Macdougall's cottage overlooking the lake during the summer.

Among those who have already arrived for the season are Mr. and Mrs. J. Lewis of St. Louis, who will as usual occupy their beautiful summer home, Rowanwood; Mr. and Mrs. T. Ince, Dr. and Mrs. G. Warren, Mr. and Mrs. Livingston Lansing, Mr. E. Syer, Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart and family of Toronto, Mrs. and Miss Russell, also of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hunter, Mrs. and the Misses Colquhoun.

Capt. R. S. Dickson of Galt spent last Saturday with friends in town.

Mr. H. Lansing of Buffalo is spending a few days at Woodlawn, the residence of his father, Mr. Livingston Lansing.

The first hop of the season at the Queen's Hotel is announced for this evening. It is safe to predict that dances which have always proved delightful will continue to be so during the coming season. It is also rumored that under the new management the Chautauqua season will be much gayer even than last year, the crowning triumph being the announcement of two hops a week. GALATEA.

The Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association (Ltd.) 63 King street west, have recently published a new patriotic song for baritone voice entitled, A British Subject I was Born, a British Subject I will Die, the music and words by Mr. S. T. Church.

Bingham the druggist has struck something entirely new in his Menthol Cologne, and of great importance to tourists and campers, as it is a sure preventative for mosquitoes and flies, also very pleasant to use.

Little Tycoon Polka, arranged by C. Bohner. —Whaley, Royce & Co.

Their Strength and their Weakness

The gods may be satisfied with worship solely; not so woman.

There is one thing sweeter to a woman than to possess; that is, to be possessed.

It is easier for a woman to say "Thy people shall be my people" than "Thy gods shall be my gods."

If there is anything which a woman is slow to forgive it is a thrust at herself through the objection of her affection.

If a man would know all that a woman may reveal herself to be, he should provide himself with a few determined enemies.

A woman would rather that her life-long happiness be betrayed by a worthy trust than saved through the vigilance of that base detective called suspicion.

Sentiment, a clinging to past forms because they have been sweet, is the strongest thing in the heart of a woman. Strongest because through that she clings longest, and by the rending asunder of these tendrils can be hurt most.

McKENDRY'S
202 YONGE STREET
6 Doors North of Queen

SATURDAY

HOT weather, ain't it? A forcible reminder that you should come here and look over our stock of summery gause

BLOUSES

We purchased a very large stock a few days ago, and they are running out very cheap. A line of fancies at 69c. and another at 98c. are worth a lot more money, and in Plain, Cream, Sky, Pink and Fawn Pure Silk Blouses are going for $1.25. The lady who can't be suited here in a blouse is hard to please. These goods are in our Underwear Department. We are sure it is the most complete in the city, not a thing you can think of for Babies, Misses or Ladies but we are showing. We have an elegant range of ladies' underwear in the very finest goods manufactured at common sense prices.

Special drive in Silk Stripe Grecian Cloth for Blouses or Gent's Summer Shirts—the price was 75c, what's left go for 50c. next week. You'll remember Monday is Bargain Day. Next Monday will be a very busy one, as we have secured special lines during the week at half regular prices. Read tonight's "News" list.

McKENDRY'S
202 Yonge St., 6 Doors north of Queen

MISS ALEXANDRINA RAMSAY
Late of New York.
(Pupil of Dion Boucicault)
ELOCUTION
Pupils prepared for the platform and stage.
SUMMER TERM. Address Office of SATURDAY NIGHT.

Niagara River Line
SINGLE TRIPS
PALACE STEAMER
"CHICORA."
Commencing Monday, May 18, Steamer CHICORA will leave Yonge street Wharf daily (except Sunday) at 7 a.m., for Niagara and Lewiston, connecting with New York Central and Michigan Central Railways for Falls, Buffalo, New York, etc. Tickets at all principal offices.
JOHN FOY, Manager.

McCUAIG & MAINWARING
REAL ESTATE, FINANCIAL AND LOAN AGENTS
18 Victoria Street TORONTO — 147 St. James Street MONTREAL

We purchase, sell and rent all kinds of real estate, organize syndicates and manage estates, negotiate loans, purchase and sell mortgages, debentures, etc.

Our list of properties for sale comprises houses and lots at all prices in the best localities. The following are a few samples of selected

COMFORTABLE HOMES

SPRUCE STREET—SEVEN ROOMS, BATH, &c.; GOOD lot; $2,200. Terms arranged.

HAZLETON AVENUE — SEMI-DETACHED, NINE rooms, bath, &c.; $2,500. Small payment down.

BORDEN STREET — A VERY DESIRABLE NEW semi-detached solid brick residence, 10 rooms, furnace, concrete cellar, two gas grates, an elegant home, complete, modern. $4,250, 10 per cent. down, balance arranged.

BRUNSWICK AVENUE—SOLID BRICK, SEMI-DETACHED, side entrance, stone founds 1ons, 10 rooms, full size cellar, concrete floor, all conveniences, hot air heating, nicely papered down stairs. Price $5,500; easy terms.

HEWARD AVENUE — SOLID BRICK, SEMI-DETACHED, side entrance, all conveniences, furnace, newly papered, etc., 8 rooms. $2,500; no reasonable offer refused.

ST. GEORGE STREET—A CHARMINGLY SITUATED solid brick, semi-detached house, in first-class order, 10 rooms, heated by furnace; beautiful lawn in front with deep 1a, nicely sodded; new stable and carriage house, harness and coachman's rooms. Splendid location for a doctor. For full particulars call at office. Price only $8,000.

MADISON AVENUE—FIRST CLASS, HIGHLY FINISHED, solid brick, detached, 11 rooms, bath and modern conveniences, furnace, etc. $11,500.

Our printed catalogue containing a full list of our properties will be sent free to any address.
McCUAIG & MAINWARING
18 Victoria Street

IT IS REALLY BEYOND

our most sanguine hopes. THE FIRST GRAND CLEARING SALE of summer goods held by the BON MARCHE proves an unparalleled success. THOUSANDS OF BUYERS crowd our store from morning till eve. We are COMPELLED TO CLOSE OUR DOORS AT 5 O'CLOCK EACH DAY. Such an event is a page in the history of the Dry Goods trade. We are determined that this sale will eclipse anything ever attempted, so look out for startlers. Watch the daily papers, and when you see our advertisement read every item.

BEAUTIFUL ALL-WOOL French de Beiges, worth 20c, 25c and 30c. Price for this sale only **10c**

SEASIDE SERGES, a splendid line heavy twill Navy Blue, worth 30c. Price for this sale only **15c**

VERY HANDSOME large Broken Check Costume Tweeds, worth 20c. Price for this sale only **10c**

DOUBLE WIDTH Navy Blue Boating Serges, a line worth 50c. Price for this sale only **25c**

NAVY BLUE Boating Flannel, a splendid line for bathing dresses, worth 20c. Price for this sale only **12½c**

LOVELY SHADES fine all-wool French Dress Serges, double width, worth 50c. Price for this sale only **30c**

HANDSOME SHADES French All-wool Jersey Cloth, worth 30c. Price for this sale only **15c**

SILK FINISHED French All-wool Henrietta, the newest shades; former price was 50c. Price for this sale only **30c**

REMEMBER
We close our store at Five o'clock.

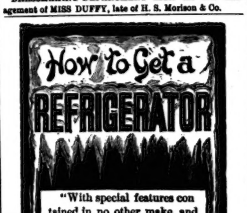
THE BON MARCHE
7 and 9 KING STREET EAST

M. STAUNTON & CO.
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
Wall Papers
Of all grades from the lowest priced papers to the highest class of Decorative Hangings. Among the latter are
Japanese Leathers
French Leathers
Lignomur
Lincrusta, &c.
Ingrains with Choice Friezes to Match
WINDOW SHADES
AND IMPORTED
GERMAN LACES AND FRINGES
ROOM MOULDINGS
4 King Street West

MISS HOLLAND
Millinery, Mantles, Dressmaking
112 Yonge Street
Two doors south of Adelaide, west side.

Having removed to a more convenient locality, Miss Holland would solicit inspection of her new stock of French Bonnets, Hats, &c., which will be found up to the usual standard of excellence.

DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT under the able management of MISS DUFFY, late of H. S. Morison & Co.



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WE HAVE SOLD THE
Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator
FOR
FIVE YEARS
AND
Guaranteed Satisfaction in Every Case

H. A. COLLINS & CO.
6, 8 & 10 Adelaide St. West

TO CAMPING PARTIES

We have on hand a full and specially selected stock of camping and picnic supplies, including Fine Wines, Liquors and aerated waters, put up in assorted cases to suit, and shipped to all resorts. We will pay shipping charges on all orders of $10 and upwards. Try our celebrated blende of whiskey—easy to take—and with all the nutritive qualities required by invalids.

Orders by mail, wire or telephone promptly attended to.

F. P. BRAZILL & CO.
152 King Street East
TELEPHONE 678 — TORONTO

N. B.---Try a case (12 bottles) of our Choice Claret, from $3.75 per case and upwards, cheapest in the market. "Aged whiskies our specialty."

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FIRE SALE
OF
$35,000 GENTS' FURNISHINGS
Is the topic of conversation. Special drives in
Underwear, White and Cambric Shirts
TO-DAY, SATURDAY
165 YONGE STREET 165

CHARLES BROWN & CO'S PARK PHAETON
The Only Two-Wheeler that is a Success in Every Way

BODY AND SPRINGS HAVE No Connection WITH SHAFTS

Entirely new. Elegant in style and finish. The finest trap made for doctors and ladies.
CHARLES BROWN & CO.
6 Adelaide Street East, Toronto

THE ADMITTED STANDARD
OF
MUSICAL
ART
MANUFACTURE
IS THE
MASON & RISCH PIANO
HEAD OFFICE: 32 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

cuse, Mr. and Mrs. A. Reilly of New York, Hon. Justice Irvine and family of Quebec, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Chapleau of Ottawa.

•

Amongst the latest arrivals at the Iroquois House, St. Hilaire, are: Mr. G. A. Gigault of St. Cesaire, Viscounte de Bouthillier of St. Mothea's, Mr. Lorne Campbell of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Caledon F. Gilder, Miss Gross, Rev. Mr. Wood, Mr. Thomas Heain, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dalgilah, Miss Dalgilah, Miss Lily Dalgilah, Mr. H. H. Henshaw, Mr. J. W. Stirling, Mr. C. Garth, Mr. L. Chonillon, Mr. C. A. Chonillon, all of Montreal, Mr. C. Neville of Liverpool, G.B., Mr. W. S. Laing of Iron Mount, Michigan, Mr. John Farrel of Michigan, Mr. George Irvine of Quebec, Mr. and Mrs. A. White of Toronto.

•

A very pleasant outing was the trip to Whitby, by special train, on Monday afternoon last, to witness the closing of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. About four o'clock a musical and elocutionary recital was commenced in the gymnasium, these young ladies taking part: Misses Hamilton, Scholey, Grove, Smith, McAllister, Taylor, Kenny, Shields, Decker, Corson, Moore, Willson, Drew, Talt, Webster, Embree, Whitehead, Burnett, Tuttle, Bowen, Miller and Sparling. At seven p.m. in the gymnasium, before a great audience, these diplomas were conferred: M. L. A., Miss McDonell; M. E. L., Misses Cline and Hansard; instrumental music, Miss Taylor; vocal music, Miss Willson; elocution, Misses McDowell, Shields, Smith, Talt and Webster; commercial, Miss Sparling. Miss McDonell of Toronto carried off the gold medal given by Mr. George A. Cox, Toronto, for highest standing in M. L. A. course, and Miss Hansard, Mount Albert, won the Governor-General's silver medal in the M. E. L. course. Gold medals were also awarded Miss Taylor of Whitby, and Miss Willson of Washington C. H., Ohio. Silver medals went to Miss Sparling of Wingham, Miss Talt of Orillia and Miss Willson of Washington C. H., Ohio. Prizes were awarded to a large number of students for proficiency, the most startling of all being two given by Principal Hare. These were offered by him to the girl under 16 and the one over 16 who won foot races at the college picnic on May 25. One went to Miss Clara Barrett of Toronto and the other to Miss Annie Acheson of Goderich. Vocal and instrumental music were prettily dropped here and there through the business of the evening, and the closing exercises of June, 1891, were voted by all to be the most successful yet held in the Ontario Ladies' College—which aims to become the greatest Ladies' University in America. The pleasant party of guests who responded to the kind invitation of the college authorities reached Toronto about midnight, thoroughly pleased with the glimpse afforded them of this interesting seat of learning.

•

Mrs. Keltie of London, Ont., is the guest of Miss M. E. Mills, 179 Markham street.

•

Several lady cyclists will take a trip to Hamilton on the 30th to see the parade and meet of the wheelmen on Dominion Day. The secretary has written to Lady Gay a cordial invitation to the Toronto ladies and promises them every attention.

•

A large number of ladies were present at the Woodbine Driving Club races this week. The splendid arrangements, beautiful condition of the grounds and all the facilities for the enjoyment of the meeting by the fair guests and the members, reflect great credit on Secretary Hill.

•

A wedding which was especially interesting as being the first to take place in St. Alban's Cathedral was that of Mr. A. K. Goodman, a Cayuga barrister, and Miss S. Matthews, daughter of Mr. Matthews of Wychwood Park. Miss Matthews was attended by her sister, Miss Barbara Matthews, as maid of honor, and five bridesmaids, the Misses Alice Matthews, Florence Burnside, Edith Bernard of Niagara, Gertie Marling and Hilda Carter. The bride wore white faille, and carried an artistic bunch of white roses tied with ribbons. The bridesmaids' gowns and hats were French gray. The noble chancel of the cathedral was decorated with banks of flowers. The Bishop of Toronto performed the marriage ceremony. After the reception at Wychwood Park the newly wedded couple went west on a trip up the lakes. They will settle in Cayuga.

•

The following residents have occupied their cottages in Center Island: The Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweatman, Mr. and Mrs. Casimir Gzowski and family, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moffat, Judge and Mrs. Macdougall, Rev. Professor Symonds, Mr. Gordon Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brown.

•

Mrs. W. Ayer returned to Brighton this week.

•

A most successful commencement took place at the St. Alban street R. C. College on Tuesday afternoon. The fair graduates acquitted themselves to perfection. I am sorry that space falls me to particularize.

•

The closing exercises of Miss Veal's school took place on Wednesday evening in the form of an At Home, which was attended by a representative assembly of Toronto's nice people.

•

The engagement of Mr. John D. Hay of Toronto and Miss Hendrie of Hamilton is announced.

•

Miss Percival Ridout gave a small tennis party at Rosedale House last Saturday.

Mrs. Goldwin Smith's tennis party last Thursday was largely attended.

•

The Misses Beatty gave a yachting party on board the Oriole last Tuesday. About sixty ladies and gentlemen were present. Refreshments were served at about nine o'clock. Among some of those present were the Misses Seymour, Mrs. Crowther, the Misses Todd, Miss Thorburn, Miss Fanny Smith, Miss Arthurs, Major Harrison, Mr. Mathews, Messrs. McMurray, Ketchum, Evans and others.

DENTISTRY.

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DENTIST, ETC.
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For Headache & Neuralgia
MENTHOL
Bingham's
COLOGNE
100 Yonge St. Toronto.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BAGLEY.—At Calgary, on June 3, the wife of Staff Sergt. F. A. Bagley, N. W. M. P., of a daughter.

BRYANT—At Toronto, on June 14, Mrs. J. E. Bryant—a daughter.

BARK—At Toronto, on June 15, Mrs. R. J. Bark—a son.

GODFREY—At Joronto, on June 14, Mrs. Arthur F. God frey—a son.

GOURLIE—At Toronto, on June 15, Mrs. H. W. Gourlie—a son.

HEWMING—At Toronto, on June 16, Mrs. Walter G. A. Hemming—a son.

HUNTER—At Toronto, on June 12, Mrs. C. A. Hunter—a daughter.

LANGMUIR—At Cincinnati, Ohio, on June 13, Mrs. John A. Langmuir—a son.

McKAY—At Toronto Junction, on June 16, Mrs. Wm J. McKay—a daughter.

STANLEY-CLARKE—At Toronto, on June 17, Mrs. C. H. Stanley-Clarke—a son.

GATES—At Toronto, on June 17, Mrs. Wm. Gates—twin daughters.

LEAN—At Toronto, on June 18, Mrs. E. C. Lean—a daughter.

FRANKLIN—At Eastwood, Ont., on June 17, Mrs G. M. Franklin—a son.

LOVELL—At Toronto, on June 12, Mrs. J. S. Lovell—a daughter.

BARTHAU—At Toronto, on June 21, Mrs. P. Barthau—a son.

KENNEDY—At Agincourt, on June 15, Mrs. J. Kennedy—a daughter.

TAPSFIELD—At Toronto, on June 22, Mrs. W. G. Tapsfield—a daughter.

HARRISON—At Etia, West York, on June 18, Mrs. T. Harrison—a daughter.

THOMPSON—At Orillia, on June 18, Mrs J. B. Thompson—a daughter.

MACDONALD—At London, on June 6, Mrs. J. M. Macdonald—a daughter.

SCOTT—At Lambton Mills, on June 5, Mrs. I. M. Scott—a daughter.

WILKES—At Toronto, on June 14, Mrs. W. A. Wilkes—a daughter.

Marriages.

HAMILTON—ROSS—On June 17th, at St. Lukes church, by Rev. Dr. Langtry, Charles W., fifth son of William Hamilton, Supt. Toronto Water Works, to Bertha L., only daughter of the late Peter Ross, P. O. Department, all of Toronto.

BEATTY—FRASER—At Chatham, Ont., on Wednesday evening, June 3rd, by Rev. Arthur Murphy, Rector of Holy Trinity church, Hattie F., daughter of Mrs. James Beatty to Frederick Langford Fraser of Detroit, Mich.

FELLOWES—GILMOUR—On June 17th, at Cliffside, Otto ra, the residence of the bride's brother, by Rev. T. W. Herridge, Frederick Lyon Fellowes, C. E., Toronto to Mary, daughter of the late John Gilmour of Quebec.

ARMSTRONG—KING—In Oakville, on June 17, Mr. C. Armstrong to Helena Jane King.

GRAY—HENDERSON—At Parkdale, on June 17, William T. Gray to Helen Beatrice Henderson.

HALL—CUFF—At Toronto, on June 16, William M. Hall to Ada Cuff.

NESS—MALLOY—In Vaughan, on June 10, John James Ness of Montreal to Louisa Malloy.

PATTISON—HOOVER—At Thorold, on June 17, Thos. F. Pattison to Margaret Emma Hoover.

STRUTHERS—BARR—At Prescott, Ont., on June 17: Robert S. Struthers, M. D., Sudbury, to Harriett E. Barr.

DIXON—McLENNO—At Peterboro', on June 17, A. E. Dixon to Blanche M. Manning of Bradford.

GOULDING—LENNOX—At Downsview, on June 17, Alfred G. Goulding to Ida M. Lennox.

LEAKE—JARVIS—At Smith's Falls, on June 17, Rev. H. J. Leake to Blanche Jarvis.

McLAUGHLIN—CARTER—At Brampton, on June 18, R. G. McLaughlin, B. A., Toronto, to Sarah Carter.

WOOD—RAMSAY—At Toronto, on June 17, James H. Wood to Ada Jean Ramsay.

SCOTT—PURKISS—At Toronto, on June 23, Alfred Scott to Carrie Purkiss.

HENDERSON—YOUNG—At Toronto, on June 19, John B Henderson to Christina Young.

McFARLANE—McCRAE—At Barnia, on June 18, Thos. McFarlane to Helen Sandwith McCrae.

BURTON—DICK—At Boulton, on June 17, William Burton of Kim to Sarah Maria Dick.

HANCOCK—HOWELL—At Amelisburg, on June 17, Cyrus H. Hancock of Chatham to Sarah M. Howell.

HUTCHINSON—DRURY—At Alliston, on June 17, Geo. Hutchinson, jun., to Bertha Drury.

POWLIS—CAMPBELL—At Hastings, on June 17, Harry Watt Fowlds to Atilia Electra Campbell.

McCARTHY—HENRY—At Stamford, Ont., on June 16, Peter D. McCarthy to Ada M. Henry.

GOODMAN—MATTHEWS—At Toronto, on June 22, Ambrose K. Goodman, L.L.D., of Cayuga to Sybil C. M. Matthews.

HAMER—EARLE—At Lindsay, on June 23, William T. Hamer of Markham to Blanche Earle.

MACKENZIE—FISHER—At Marine City, Mich., on June 17 Agnes Isabelle Mackenzie to J. E. Fisher of Huntsville.

BAIN—GRAHAM—At New York, on June 17, Duncan Bain to Eva J. Graham, both of Toronto.

BRITTEN—ROBERTSON—At Toronto, on June 23, Stephen T. Britten to Hannah Robertson.

Deaths.

McCANN—At Toronto, on June 19, Mrs. Mary McCann, aged 86 years.

MORRISON—At Toronto, on June 19, James Morrison, aged 59 years.

SMART—At Port Hope, on June 19, Mrs. Catharine Phila Smart, aged 55 years.

ASHTON—At Toronto, on June 20, Seth Ashton, aged 68 years.

GALLOWAY—At Toronto, on June 21, Herbert Ian, infant son of Dr. and Mrs. H. P. H. Galloway.

HAMILTON—At Goodnap, on June 14, Alexander Hamilton, aged 66 years.

ARMSTRONG—At South Orillia, on June 16, Jane E. Armstrong, aged 80 years

GRANERY—At Toronto, on June 19, James Granery, aged 53 years.

WALLBRIDGE—At Newcastle, on June 22, Miranda L. Wallbridge, aged 62 years.

HANNAH—At Toronto, on June 22, Mrs. Ann Jane Hanah.

STRICKLAND—At Toronto, on June 21, Martha Strickland, aged 41 years.

DOUGLAS—At Kingston, on June 16, Miss Annie Douglas, aged 82 years.

CHADWICK—At Guelph, on June 20, Frederick Jasper Chadwick, aged 52 years.

TURNER—At Toronto, on June 21, Euphrasia Estrida Corin, aged 51.

VERRALL—At Toronto, on June 17, Harry Percy Verrall, aged 30 years.

THOMPSON—At Toronto, on June 17, Thomas David Thompson, aged 26 years.

ROSENTHAL—At Toronto, Benj S. Rosenthal, aged 57 years.

SHIELDS—At Toronto Junction, on June 21, James Shields, aged 62 years.

EDWARDS—At Toronto, on June 22, Tennison Edwards formerly of Port Hope.

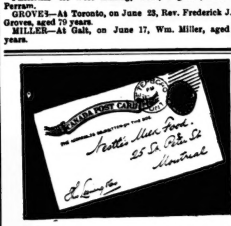
BROWN—At Toronto, accidentally killed, Robert Chas. Brown, aged 17 years.

ANDERSON—At Toronto, on June 19, Mrs. Susan Anderson, aged 75 years.

FERRAN—At West Malling, Kent, England, Ellen A. Ferran.

GROVES—At Toronto, on June 23, Rev. Frederick J. S. Groves, aged 79 years.

MILLER—At Galt, on June 17, Wm. Miller, aged 80 years.



TO any Mother sending us her name and address on a postal card, we will send two sample tins of Nestlé's Milk Food, sufficient for four meals. Nestlé's Food requires the addition of water only in its preparation. The best and safest diet to protect infants against Summer Complaints.

Talk with your physician about it.

THOS. LEEMING & CO., Sole Agents,
25 St. Peter St., Montreal.

OAK HALL

OUR assortment of Boys' Two and Three Piece Suits at present is at its very best. The styles are the newest, and the manner in which they are made is such that the most critical cannot help but be pleased. In addition to our stock of Tweed and Cloth Suits we have just opened out a magnificent lot of Linen and Nankeen Fancy Suits made in blouse waists and sailor styles. Our prices will be found reasonable.

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115, 117, 119, 121 King St. East
Toronto
W. RUTHERFORD - - Manager

DUFFERIN PARK, TORONTO
Special Programme for July & August Meetings
1, 2 and 3 July and 5, 6 and 7 August
ENTRANCE FEES 7½ PER CENT.

FIRST DAY—Three minute class, purse $300. Free for all, trot, purse $300 Free for all, pace, purse $300.

SECOND DAY—2 40 class, purse $300 2.32 class, pace and trot, purse $300 2.50 class, purse $300

THIRD DAY—2 24 class, purse $300. 2 20 class, purse $300. 2 45 class, pace and trot, purse $300 2 45 class, pace and trot, purse $300. Free for all, trot and pace, purse $300.

The above programme will be continued for July and August. Entries close June 15 for July meeting; July 15 for August meeting. Races will start at 2 p.m. each day. Admission to grounds 50c; vehicles 50c; children 25c; ladies free. Entrance fees 7½ p. c., payable on dates when entries close for each meeting. Horses eligible May 23, 1891, for July and August. All moneys divided 50 p. c., 25 p. c., 15 p. c., 10 p. c. A horse distancing the field or any part thereof to receive fr s money. Only the right to postpone reserved on account of bad weather or other causes. In other respects the rules of the American Association to govern. All entries must be addressed as below, and none will be received unless accompanied by the entrance fees above provided. The Dufferin Park can be reached by the Queen and Brockton, College, Dovercourt and Bloor Street cars.

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We guarantee you fit, quality and value for your money.

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BENNETT & WRIGHT
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Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.

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Celebrated Lehigh Valley
COAL
FROM THE
ONTARIO COAL CO.
GENERAL OFFICE: Esplanade, Foot of Church Street.
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ICE ICE
We have a very fine stock of Lake Simcoe and Pure Spring Water Ice, which we guarantee to deliver to all parts of the city at lowest rates.
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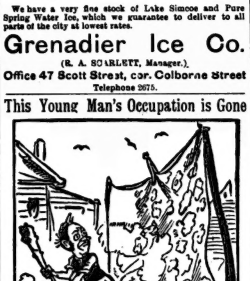
This Young Man's Occupation is Gone



And our machines are now cleaning the costly carpets and fine rugs for the ladies of Toronto.

SPECIAL.—We would like the ladies to give us a call and see how the work is done. Our business is strictly carpet cleaning, fitting, laying, etc., so that we give our whole time and attention to the work. Open all the year. Capacity 3,000 yards daily. Grease spots removed when ordered to do so only. Orders called for and returned to any part of the city. We have a special moth-proof room for storing carpets. Parties going to the country may leave them with us until their return. Send for price list. We have in stock Mnhy's Moth-proof Carpet Lining and Excelsior Stair Pads.

Orders taken at 170 King Street West, 558½ Yonge Street, 372 Spadina Avenue, 432 Queen Street West, 1,612 Queen Street West, Parkdale.

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Head Office 44 Lombard Street. Telephone 968.
A. S. PFEIFFER & HOUGH BROS., Props.

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G. E. TROREY
61 King Street East, opposite Toronto Street

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT
AND APPLIANCE CO.
Head Office - - Chicago, Ill.
Incorporated June 17, 1887, with a Cash Capital of $50,000

71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.
G. C. PATTERSON, Manager for Canada.

Dr. A. Owen, after years of experiment and study, has given to the world an Electric Belt that has no equal in this or any other country. Fully covered by patents.

RHEUMATISM

is found wherever man is found, and it does not respect age, sex, color, rank or occupation.

Medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. Although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined.

Our treatment is a mild, continuous galvanic current, as generated by the Owen Electric Body Battery, which may be applied directly to the affected parts.

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The Owen Electric Belt is par excellence the woman's friend, for its merits are equal as a preventive and curative for the many troubles peculiar to her sex. It is nature's cure.

The following are among the diseases cured by the use of THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELTS:

Rheumatism	Disease of the Chest
Neuralgia	Spermatorrhea
Dyspepsia	Impotency
Sciatica	Sexual Exhaustion
Lumbago	Paralysis
General Debility	Spinal Diseases
Liver Complaint	Nervous Complaints
Kidney Disease	Urinary Diseases
Female Complaints	General Ill-Health

CHALLENGE.

We challenge the world to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we use on a giant by simply reducing the number of cells. The ordinary belts are not so.

WE ALWAYS LEAD AND NEVER FOLLOW

Other belts have been in the market for five and ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured and sold than all other makes combined. The people want the best.

All persons desiring information regarding the cure of AGUE, RHEUMATISM and NERVOUS DISEASES please inclose SIX (6) CENTS and write for Illustrated Catalogue.

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT CO.
71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.
Mention this paper.

LACES, LACES

Owing to the late arrival of a rather large shipment of laces and to insure a speedy sale of same together with our elegant and large stock, we have gone through our stock and made a general price reduction on every line from 15 to 50 per cent.

We are thus in a position to offer REALLY UNEQUALLED VALUE in

Chantilly, Maltese, Spanish, Crepe and Lisse Lace.
Also in Lace Flouncings and Skirtings.

We mention especially a

Princess Lace, 63 Inches Wide

the proper things for those elegant and fashionable long Lace Mantles at $2 per yard, which no other house in this city can match at $3. This article is also the cheapest Dress Lace, as one width is sufficient for skirt and waist.

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